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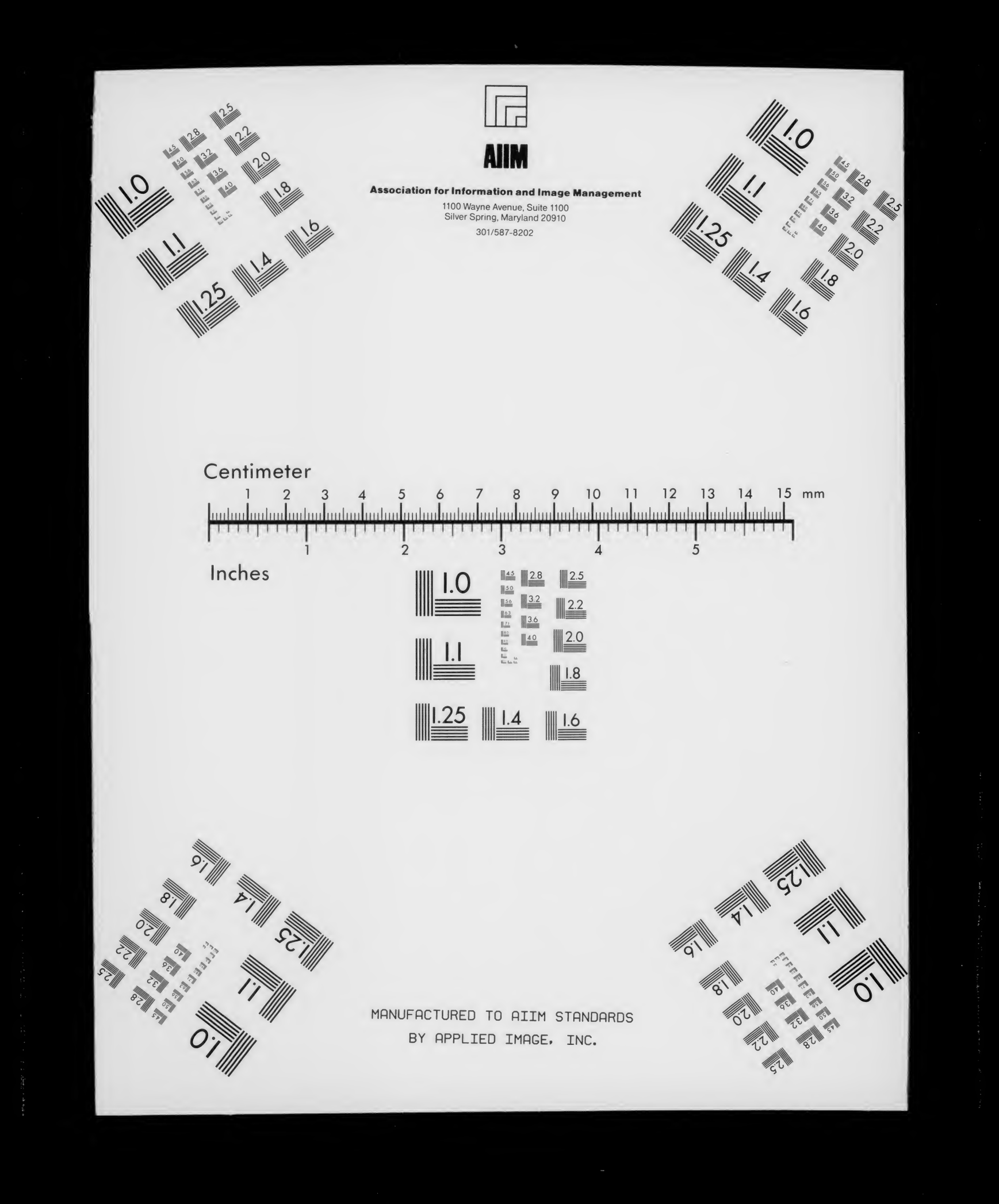
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No. 15

JOURNAL

OF

IMPRISONMENT IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED.)

BY

LIEUT. VINCENT EYRE,
BENGAL ARTILLERY;
LATE DEPUTY COMMISSARY AT CABUL.

No. 13

JOURNAL

OF

IMPRISONMENT IN AFFGHANISTAN.

(CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED.)

BY

LIEUT. VINCENT EYRE,
BENGAL ARTILLERY;
LATE DEPUTY COMMISSARY OF ORDNANCE AT CABUL.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
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DIRECTIONS

FOR

BINDING LIEUT. EYRE'S AFFGHAN JOURNAL,

EDITION 1st, 2d, or 3d.

The Binder will cancel from *page* 313. inclusive, *in the original Volume, to the End,* and then add this SUPPLEMENTARY PART, of which the first page is numbered 313. He may also cancel the "Editor's Notice" at page 237.

ERRATA IN THE FIRST EDITION.

Page xx., for " *Synd*" read " *Syud*," a priest.
209., line 15., for a semicolon substitute a full stop after Lieut. St. George, 37th N. I.
line 17., for a full stop substitute a comma after " force."
213., note, for " Brigadier-Major" read " Brigade-Major."
317. Add to the list of prisoners released the following names : —
Capt. Johnson.
Mrs. Trevor, 8 children.
Capt. Anderson.
Mrs. Anderson, 3 children.
Capt. Troup.
Capt. Bygrave.
Dr. Campbell.
325., note, for " pp. 95. 97." read " pp. 216. 220.

NOTICE BY THE EDITOR.

THE manuscript of the following pages, forming the conclusion of Lieut. Eyre's Journal, reached me only a short time since, having been lost — irretrievably as he thought — from his pocket, on the march towards India. It is issued in the present shape, as most considerate towards the purchasers of the original volume; who, by removing the last eight pages — from 313 to 319 inclusive — and substituting this Supplement, may have their book complete.

The communication by Capt. Mackenzie (referred to in pp. 25. and 44.), will now be found in the Appendix); to which I have also added Lieut. Crawford's account of the imprisonment of himself and his brother-officers at Ghuznee. They were eventually transferred to Mahomed Akber, and released with the prisoners of Cabul. I should have hesitated thus to appropriate what is so deserving of separate publication, but that, as it has appeared in an Indian paper, it seems not to have been destined for an-

other shape; in which case, its adoption here may afford many friends of those officers a gratification, which they might not otherwise obtain.

The other additions to the Appendix, and the few notes, are such only as have been considered strictly illustrative of the Journal. They might even have been usefully increased, but for an unwillingness to swell the work with matter not original. Among these the despatch of Major-Gen. Elphinstone, and some extracts from a memorandum of that officer, deserve attention.

The interest attached to the events, which are the subject of this narrative, has drawn to it much attention, and, of course, some criticism. The author has, on the whole, very much to gratify him in the result of such an ordeal: but there have been a few qualifications of the general praise, which, with this opportunity, should perhaps be noticed.

On the question which has arisen, whether the particulars narrated have been allowed publicity *too soon*, there may be a fair difference of opinion. For this, as has been before stated, the author is not strictly answerable: but I may be allowed also to say that *I* consulted, and had the sanction of high military judgment on the point; and I knew besides that the MS. had, *in transitu*, been seen by individuals of professional discretion

and experience, none of whom suggested that it should be, even for a time, withheld. The only doubt I ever entertained had respect to its publication in *India*, pending "the Inquiry." This, however, was to open soon after Christmas, at *Ferozepore*, whither no copy of the book can arrive *before* the middle of April. The danger, then, of "prejudicing the Inquiry" is but small.

"But," say a few, "is it nothing to prejudice the minds of those at home? The minds of those at home had been, in *reality*, prejudiced, as much as could be done, many months ago. Every one at all interested in these events *was possessed* of the outline, which Mr. Eyre's history fills up; and both the responsible personages and their acts had been long since dealt with by those at home, in an *undiscriminating* spirit of condemnation, which his work tends rather to correct. An erroneous analogy, as I think, is resorted to, when "those at home" are likened to a *court* or a *jury*, or the *author* to "a *juryman* prematurely delivering his verdict." He cannot be more than a *witness;* and those at home will carefully compare his testimony with that of others, and with the issue. If he be correct, no one is injured; if not, it can only recoil upon himself; but to state at *any* time what he knows, though he may have to give it afterwards in evidence, is *no* offence in a witness,

either morally or judicially; while to suppose of the *real* court and jury, who must investigate the disasters of Cabul, looking at the constitution of such a court, that their decision could be influenced by this history, is quite impossible. It is, however, very satisfactory to those who have given it to the world, to see how every day proves more and more, as the real truth creeps out, that, had not Lieut. Eyre been restrained by a spirit admitted by a distinguished reviewer to be, "under the circumstances, indeed extraordinary," he *might* have revealed much more, which he has had the good taste and feeling to withhold.* It is further satisfactory to see already so many of his statements confirmed, as are so, both by the Papers just presented to Parliament, and from private sources; among these may be particularised the Journal of the Retreat, by Capt. Johnson, another of the prisoners, which has appeared in the Bombay Times. I should, too, in justice to my brother, state that, on finding that his MS. had been sent to me, he hastened to request that, as it had been "written under every sort of disadvantage," I would not hesitate to omit any passage which might by possibility give pain to others. This letter arrived

* See particularly a letter from Ferozepore, in the N. & M. Gazette of 18th inst.

too late for the first edition; but, though I *had* myself kept this in view, it was quite impracticable to omit all that *any party* might wish omitted; nor would it have been fair, either to the public or the author, so to mutilate a work of so much historic interest. In scenes too, in which *all* the actors *cannot* be blameless, blame will often *appear* to be imputed by the most meagre recital of what was done or left undone; and so the case is here; the bare facts are the severest part of all; but they are such facts as, with the public characters whom they implicate, have ever been the legitimate subjects both of history and criticism; and the idea, that silence for any time was incumbent on any actor in them, is as new to me, as the circumstances are, happily, new and unprecedented in British annals.

One apology, which is found for Lieut. Eyre's "partiality and prejudice," his *friends* must needs deny him — the suggestion that he writes under the influence of "frustrated hopes and blighted prospects." These terms in no way apply to him. He is in the same service as before; and nothing that occurred at Cabul can have *diminished*, at any rate, his professional hopes and prospects.

In the brief remarks which I have to add, I shall confine myself to the few instances in which

Lieut. Eyre's *veracity*, or *consistency*, is called in question. The following critique appears to me unfair.* "Asserting his correctness, the author tells us — 'In these notes I have been careful to state only what I know to be undeniable facts. I have set down nothing on *mere hearsay evidence*, nor any thing which cannot be attested by living witnesses, or by existing documentary evidence.' Yet, in the face of this declaration, he acknowledges hearsay evidence (certainly of eminent men), from Major Pottinger, Capts. Mackenzie, Lawrence, and Troup; and, after his departure from the retreating army as a prisoner, describes all the motions and casualties of the force with as much minuteness, as if he had continued to be an eye-witness." This is surely an unusual apprehension of what is *mere hearsay evidence* — information, which he acknowledges as "valuable aid," given by some of the "living witnesses," expressly for historical purposes. Again; — among these living witnesses were some, his fellow prisoners, captured *towards the end* of the retreat, Major Griffiths, Capts. Johnson and Bygrave, &c. — How can particulars supplied by them be termed "mere hearsay evidence"?

On one other point the author's consistency

* Literary Gazette.

has been impugned, with no more reason, as I humbly think. — Discrediting the existence of a *conspiracy* throughout Affghanistan and at Cabul against the British, the *Edinburgh Review* considers that Mr. Eyre on this point *contradicts himself*. Now, first, as to the conspiracy: — the reviewer does not account in any other way for the *simultaneous* risings against, and massacres of, our men and officers in widely distant provinces. At Cabul, Charekar, and Ghuznee, no two of which are less than 90 miles from each other, the flame burst forth at the same time; and, on the 2d of November, Sir A. Burnes was murdered, the Ghoorka regiment assailed, and shortly annihilated, Capt. Woodburn and his escort cut off, and Ghuznee surrounded. The reviewer does not dispose of the warnings of Major Pottinger, nor *attempt* to get over that of Taj-Mahomed, nor notice (he may not have seen it) the concurrent testimony of Mohun Lall.* This individual, to whom we owe so much, says, "In *October* last, the chiefs entered into the solemn agreement with each other, and thus the Eastern Giljyes stood up against our arms." But *he* also agrees with Lieutenant Eyre, in saying that the outbreak at Cabul *commenced* by an at-

* See his letter, App. E.

tack of an insignificant force on Sir A. Burnes's house; *commenced,* not *originated.* "Yet," observes Mohun Lall, "not a battalion was sent to our protection."—Mr. Eyre terms the same *commencement* "an insignificant ebullition, which military energy and promptitude ought to have crushed in the bud;"—that is to say,—the train *being* laid, a *spark* set fire to it, which *spark* might and ought to have been trodden upon at once. These statements are surely reconcilable.—Another alleged inconsistency is the following: "In the whole Affghan nation," it is said in one place, "we could not *reckon* on a single friend;" in another place, that *some* chiefs, especially *the Kuzzilbashes,* "*remained neutral,* until our want of energy, *and the booty of the commissariat fort,* determined them to join in the general combination to drive us from the country." "This," observes the reviewer, "proves that the other passage is idle talk; we *had* friends in plenty." Now the friendship of these friends is thus *illustrated* by Mohun Lall:—"Notwithstanding the Giljye, Caboolee, Kohistanee, *and the Persian* (Kuzzilbash) chiefs made solemn oaths with us,—wrote the agreement on the Holy Korân to take our cause,—received abundant money from us,—but every body cheated us like devils. Khan Shereen, the Persian chief, promised to give every assistance, which he never did," &c. These Kuzzilbashes, then, were scarcely friends who could be "*reckoned* on;"—they may have been the *best,* and better than *none,* in our distress: but, both in our reverses and our late prosperity, they have verified the poet's comment on the friendship of the world:—

> "Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
> Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris."

Lieut. Eyre is consistent enough, but he does not mean *Affghan* friendship.

Having attempted in these few observations to show that he has not been either inconsiderate or inconsistent, I have lastly to *admit* that on two or three points he must have been misinformed. They personally concern a distinguished individual, who himself liberally allows that such slight inaccuracies are quite reconcilable with a "desire to state the truth, and nothing but the truth."* The reader will please to receive the following, stated from, of course, the only satisfactory authority, to be the more strictly correct version on the points referred to:—

"P. 5. As to the alleged neglect to send a mi-

* A note to this effect was hastily annexed to the 2d and 3d Editions. It is now repeated here, to insure more general circulation.

litary force against the Nijrow chiefs, *Lord Auckland* had nothing to do with it. The Envoy pressed this measure upon Major-Gen. Elphinstone; but he, for prudential reasons, partly on account of the advanced season of the year, objected to this employment of the troops."

"P. 16. As to the reduction of the payments to the Giljye chiefs.—*This* measure did not originate with Lord Auckland, but was one 'to which the narrowness of the king's finances led him, under Sir William Macnaghten's advice, to have recourse.'* Lord Auckland was not aware of it, until after the outbreak at Cabul. Sir William Macnaghten says†, 'the necessities of his Majesty, and the frequent prohibitions I have received against further reliance on the resources of the British government, appeared to admit of no alternative.'"

"P. 28. This passage relates to the supposed delay in accepting the resignation by Major-Gen. Elphinstone of his command. It was, in fact, accepted by Lord Auckland as soon as it was sent in officially. The poor General did, however, indisputably *wish* to resign before; but seems to have had doubts whether he could do

* Parl. Pap. on Affghanistan. No. 1.
† Ibid. No. 2.

so without discredit. The inaccuracy in the text on such a point might easily have originated, and most probably did, in some equivocal expressions of his own."

E. Eyre.

Athenæum Club,
1st March 1843.

where they were going, Mahomed Akber replied, "I am going to slay all the Feringhee dogs, to be sure." Again: on the passage of our troops through the Khoord-Cabul pass on the 8th, he followed with some chiefs in the rear, and in the same breath called to the Giljyes in *Persian* to desist from, and in *Pushtoo* to continue, firing. This explains the whole mystery of the massacre, and clears up every doubt regarding Mahomed Akber's treachery.

June 26th. — We were somewhat surprised this day by the arrival of the European soldiers, whom we had left behind at the fort at Buddeeabad, and of whom we had been told that they had been ransomed by Gen. Pollock. They all looked miserably thin and weak, and were delighted, poor fellows, to join fortunes with us once more. The tale of their treatment and sufferings after our departure was a doleful one. It would seem that we had scarcely left the place, ere Mrs. Wade, wife of Sergeant Wade, declared her intention to forsake her husband, and turn Mahomedan! Every argument was used to dissuade her from carrying her disgraceful purpose into effect; but the devil seemed to have established absolute sway over her mind, and that same night she betook herself to Mahomed Shah Khan's *nazir* (steward), who was in charge of the prisoners.

Next morning she appeared in Affghan costume, and thenceforward took every opportunity to use her newly acquired influence to destroy and persecute her unhappy countrymen, whom she accused of having entered into a conspiracy to seize the fort and murder the guard. This was immediately made a pretext for stripping them of the few clothes and necessaries they possessed.

A few rupees, which the officers had subscribed before starting, for their messing, they were made to give up; and Mrs. Wade having informed the nazir of three gold pieces, which she herself had sewn up some time previously in her husband's boot, the poor man was obliged to produce them. Treachery worse than this has probably never been recorded of a woman; English ladies will, therefore, learn with some satisfaction that she was born of an Indian mother, and had passed the years of her childhood almost entirely among low-born natives, from whom she could imbibe nothing but vice and cunning. Shortly after this, about 1200 rupees were offered by Gen. Pollock as a ransom, and would have been accepted, but for a mischievous hint from Mrs. Wade, that a much larger sum would be given, if demanded. The consequence was that, Gen. Pollock refusing to raise his terms, the negotiation was dropped; and the poor soldiers, after

having had their hopes raised high of a speedy deliverance, were again cast into the depth of despondency. Their allowance of food was now shamefully reduced, their lives were not unfrequently threatened, and, to crown their misery, a virulent fever broke out, and would have probably proved fatal to them all, had not Mr. Blewit, a quondam apothecary, administered a copious bleeding, with a common pen-knife, to each patient on the first appearance of the symptoms. This, and starvation, providentially did the work of physic, and all gradually recovered. Mahomed Akber's order arriving for their removal to Cabul rescued them from the hands of the brutal nazir, who, it was now discovered, had been defrauding the prisoners of the greater part of the provisions for which he had all the time been charging exorbitantly on their account. Mahomed Akber either was, or professed to be, very much astonished to hear of the shabby treatment they had experienced; but we never heard that any punishment was inflicted on the rascally nazir. Mrs. W. having accompanied the latter to Cabul, the story of her apostacy and profligacy became notorious throughout the whole city, and was spoken of in a tone of evident triumph by the chiefs in Durbar. The effect was mischievous in the extreme. Loose jests at the expense of

Englishwomen were sported with malicious intent by men, who, from the intense hatred which they bore us, would gladly have made all the prisoners the victims of their brutality.

July 1*st.* About this time Capt. Mackenzie was taken alarmingly ill, and Mahomed Akber, now called the *Wuzeer*, made choice of Capt. Troup as his agent to negotiate with Gen. Pollock, warning him to be ready for a trip to Jellalabad at an early date.

The advance of our army from that quarter was now confidently expected; and it was believed that Mahomed Akber had actually made every preparation for a flight to Toorkistan. It was also privately intimated to Capt. Troup by a friendly chief that, in the event of the Wuzeer bending his course thither, he would not be permitted to take us with him.

July 10*th.* We were agreeably surprised by a visit from Capt. John Conolly, who, as we now learned for the first time, had, with the other five hostages, been purchased by the *Wuzeer* from the *Meer Waiz* for four hundred sequins.

In delivering them up for so paltry a sum, the high priest of Cabul proved himself a fool as well as a villain. On first receiving charge of them from Newab Zeman Khan, he swore by all that was holy that he would never give them up

to their enemies. Had he been disposed to keep his word, so great is the influence attached to his sacred office, that not all the threats or attempts of Akber could have wrested them from him; and he would have eventually secured for himself a splendid reward from the British government. By selling them to Akber he not only cast an indelible stain of infamy on the faith of Islam, but made a very wretched bargain for himself in a mere mercenary view. The Wuzeer lost no time in removing his new purchases to the Bala Hissar, whither he was also obliged to betake *himself* a few days ago, at the pressing solicitations of the chiefs. There he allowed Futty Jung to retain the empty title of king within the precincts of his palace, whilst he himself, as Wuzeer, wielded the power, and enjoyed all the solid advantages of a real monarch.

Capt. Conolly informed us that Akber lately held a Council of Chiefs, when Major Pottinger, who was (unknown to most of them) in an adjoining room, overheard a Kohistanee chief propose that all the English prisoners should be slain, on hearing which Akber immediately got up in a rage, and turned the man out of the assembly.

July 13*th.*—Major Pottinger came in last night from the Bala Hissar, and informed us that

Capt. Troup, with Hajee Buktyar, started on a mission to Jellalabad on the night of the 10th; also that on the same date the Wuzeer had wedded a daughter of Ameenoolah Khan. Within the last few days sickness had increased to an alarming extent amongst us. Capt. Mackenzie's life was in imminent danger from typhus fever; and Capt. Waller, Dr. M'Grath, and several ladies, were attacked by the same disease in a somewhat modified form: several of the private soldiers also suffered.

At our earnest request, the Wuzeer sent out Dr. Campbell to afford us medical aid, but our supply of medicines was lamentably scanty in proportion to the extensive demand. The fever probably originated in the malaria of the rice-fields, which surrounded the fort up to the very walls, and presented a wide surface of stagnant water, sufficient to poison the air for miles around. Our sedentary life, and confined space, and poor diet, no doubt, had each its share in predisposing us to disease.

July 15*th.*—Capt. Conolly again came to see us, and brought with him a letter he had lately received privately from Gen. Pollock, in which the General stated that he had written to Mahomed Shah Khan, offering an exchange of prisoners *without reserve* (including of course the

Dost). He had also demanded that all our guns should be restored. He added that his own force at Jellalabad now amounted to 20,000 men; that of Gen. Nott, at Candahar, to 15,000; in addition to which an army of reserve, amounting to 25,000 men, were soon to assemble at Ferozepore, and that 10,000 European troops were on their way from England.

July 18*th.*—To-day we were honoured by a visit from the Wuzeer himself, accompanied by Mahomed Shah Khan, Sultan Jan, and a few other chiefs. His object seems to have been to make us acquainted with the proposal of Gen. Pollock for an exchange of prisoners, and to ascertain from us what would be the probable result to himself of his acceding to it. On this subject, however, we could not enlighten him, and he left us in the dark as to the course he intended to pursue; but we derived no small encouragement from Mahomed Shah Khan declaring his intention to restore to Lady Macnaghten all her jewels.

July 19*th.*—Mahomed Shah Khan was as good as his word, and actually brought back the jewels. We had good reason to believe that he had several times tried, without success, to raise money by them in the city; but finding nobody to appreciate their value, and hoping to establish a claim to the favourable consideration of our government, he

made a merit of their restitution to the right owner. In a private conversation with Capt. Conolly, he declared himself favourable to the proposed exchange of prisoners.

July 22d. — Dost Mahomed Khan, Giljye, came to-day, and stated that we should all be released in twenty-six days, provided Gen. Pollock should agree to evacuate the country. We derived very little comfort from this, feeling persuaded that our armies could not, with honour, return to India, without first having redeemed the credit of our arms by marching boldly up to Cabul, and avenging the fate of their comrades. Our guard was changed in the afternoon, and increased to fifty men. A man named Ahmed Khan was at the same time substituted as our keeper, in place of Mahomed Ali Khan. The object of these frequent changes was of course to prevent our forming any plots to escape.

July 24th. — A note from Major Pottinger informed us that Gen. Pollock had entered into a truce with the Affghans, until the reply of Lord Ellenborough should be received regarding an alliance with the existing Affghan government, and an exchange of prisoners. Major Pottinger had likewise received an intimation from Jellalabad that, his political functions having ceased, he was on no account to interfere with the future

arrangements that might be entered into regarding us.

July 27th. — Capt. Troup returned from Jellalabad. His news was not very consolatory. It seems that, just when Gen. Pollock was on the very point of settling with the Cabul government for our exchange, and the withdrawal of our troops from this country, he received an order to push on to Cabul simultaneously with the force from Candahar under Gen. Nott. It would seem that, previous to this, the intention had been that our armies should return to India without striking a blow! Gen. Pollock, although delighted at the prospect of earning fresh laurels, found himself in an awkward predicament with regard to the pending negotiations; and Capt. Troup was sent back without any definite reply. He was evidently much puzzled as to what he should find to say to the Wuzeer, who would expect a favourable result to his mission. We were much vexed to learn that several boxes, filled with letters and necessaries for the prisoners, had been plundered on the road from Jellalabad.

After an hour's rest, Capt. Troup went on to the Bala Hissar, having travelled forty-five miles since morning.

July 28th. — Capt. Troup came in from the Bala Hissar, to prepare Capt. Lawrence to accom-

pany him on a second trip to Jellalabad. He told us that Akber was, as might have been expected, much disappointed at Gen. Pollock's refusal to conclude the treaty in *writing;* and so anxious was Akber to bring the matter to a favourable close, that he offered to release us all at once, if Capt. Troup would only guarantee that Gen. Pollock should act up to his word, and forthwith return to India. This offer Capt. Troup could not, of course, accept, knowing, as he did full well, the intention of the General to advance. The sole object of this mission seemed to be, to reiterate Akber's acceptance of the proffered terms, and his desire that Gen. Pollock should at once sign a written document, to prevent any misunderstanding, immediately on receipt of which the prisoners would be set at liberty.*

* Lord Ellenborough's views would appear to be explained by the following extract from the letter of Gen. Pollock, dated, 29th July 1842. Parl. Pap. No. 435. "These circumstances (the collecting of all the prisoners into Mahomed Akber's individual keeping) afford better hopes of the ultimate recovery of all the prisoners: but I must impress upon you, that *no trust whatever is to be placed in any Affghan;* and that *all military operations must proceed as if no negotiation was in progress.*

"When every gun, and colour, and military trophy, and every prisoner within the reach and power of the *de facto* government of Cabool, has been surrendered to you, then, and not till then, you may give orders suited to a state of returning peace."

July 29th.—Capts. Lawrence and Troup had an interview with Akber. He had just heard that Gen. Nott was preparing to advance on Cabul, and declared in great wrath before the whole durbar that the first movement of either army towards Cabul should be the signal for our removal to Toorkistan, where he would distribute us as slaves to the different chiefs. He was loud in his condemnation of Gen. Pollock, whom he suspected of deceiving him. To show, however, his determination to leave the General no handle against him, he released Mohun Lall, and restored to him 18,000 rupees that had been taken from him. This he did in consequence of Gen. Pollock having expressed great displeasure at the seizure of that individual. Having received their final instructions, the two officers departed at night for Jellalabad.

This negotiation, although commenced by Gen. Pollock in the humane desire to accomplish our liberation by peaceable means, seemed now, by the sudden turn that had taken place, likely to plunge us into a dangerous dilemma,—Mahomet Akber being notorious for stopping at no atrocity, when his angry passions were once aroused, as we

There seems to have been a *mutual* unwillingness *to sign and seal.* For some interesting illustrations of this subject, see App. C.—EDITOR.

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July 29th.—Capts. Lawrence and Troup had an interview with Akber. He had just heard that Gen. Nott was preparing to advance on Cabul, and declared in great wrath before the whole durbar that the first movement of either army towards Cabul should be the signal for our removal to Toorkistan, where he would distribute us as slaves to the different chiefs. He was loud in his condemnation of Gen. Pollock, whom he suspected of deceiving him. To show, however, his determination to leave the General no handle against him, he released Mohun Lall, and restored to him 18,000 rupees that had been taken from him. This he did in consequence of Gen. Pollock having expressed great displeasure at the seizure of that individual. Having received their final instructions, the two officers departed at night for Jellalabad.

This negotiation, although commenced by Gen. Pollock in the humane desire to accomplish our liberation by peaceable means, seemed now, by the sudden turn that had taken place, likely to plunge us into a dangerous dilemma,—Mahomet Akber being notorious for stopping at no atrocity, when his angry passions were once aroused, as we

There seems to have been a *mutual* unwillingness *to sign and seal.* For some interesting illustrations of this subject, see App. C.—EDITOR.

knew they soon would be, when he should hear of the advance of both generals, with their overwhelming forces.

In fact, we now fully made up our minds that death or slavery would soon be our probable lot, unless Providence should interfere to prevent it; which, indeed, was our best and only spring of hope.

August 2d.—A shock of earthquake at 3 P.M., accompanied by a loud rumbling noise. The flies by day and the musquitoes by night swarmed to such a degree, as to banish all rest and enjoyment.

Capt. Conolly was this day taken seriously ill.

We were informed that Gen. Pollock had addressed a letter to Khan Shereen Khan, Kuzzilbash, and other chiefs, promising them a free pardon on condition of their preventing our removal from Cabul, and threatening, on the other hand, to raze the city to the ground, in case of our being carried off by Akber.

August 7th.— Poor Conolly breathed his last at half-past twelve this morning, sincerely lamented by us all. His amiable character had speedily converted those, who formerly had only been slight acquaintances, into warm friends; and his merits as a public officer gave early promise of a distinguished and useful career. By the Affghans he was universally respected; and,

with the abundant information he possessed on all matters connected with the late deplorable events, his death at this crisis may be deemed a public loss. But for his influence and exertions, the detachment of sick Europeans, left behind at Cabul under Lieut. Evans, would long ago have been starved to death, or destroyed by violence. Large sums were advanced for their support and protection by various individuals, on the security of his bare word; and both he and the other hostages had refused to avail themselves of several opportunities to escape to India, out of consideration to the above-mentioned detachment, who would then have been exposed to the cruelty of the merciless mob. Capt. John Conolly, with his two elder brothers, Arthur and Edward, accompanied Sir John Keane's army into Affghanistan in 1839, and all three were speedily advanced to political employment by their distinguished relative, Sir William Macnaghten. A bright prospect of wealth and distinction lay before them. In the course of three years, one was shot through the heart at the assault of a fort in Kohistan—one died in an Affghan prison—and the eldest, the celebrated traveller, is supposed to have experienced a similar fate in a prison at Bokhara, to which city he had been enticed by the king, and, being

lured into the trap, was immediately shut up in a loathsome dungeon, in company with Col. Stoddart. The latter officer, it will be remembered, was sent on a mission to Bokhara, in 1838, by the British Envoy at the court of Persia. Having innocently excited the displeasure of the king, than whom a more execrable tyrant never existed, he was shut up for several months in a well, full of disgusting vermin and noxious reptiles, and would eventually have been buried alive, had he not at length so far given way to human weakness, as to make an outward profession of Mahomedanism. After this he was restored to liberty, and became a great favourite at court, until the news of our fatal disasters at Cabul reached the ears of the king, who, supposing that God had given over all infidels to destruction, again doomed poor Stoddart to be immured in a dungeon, where he was soon joined, as has been seen, by his countryman, Arthur Conolly. In a letter, which the latter managed soon afterwards to write to his brother John, it was stated that himself and his fellow prisoner had been without change of raiment for upwards of eighty days, — that poor Stoddart was reduced to a skeleton, and eaten up with vermin; and that, unless they should be released soon, a miserable death must be their inevitable fate. Au-

thentic intelligence has since been received of the death of Conolly, but of his companion in misery nothing has been heard.* It may not be generally known that Col. Stoddart was one of the most able, patriotic, and noble-minded soldiers that the British army ever produced; an ornament to his profession, and an honour to his country. All who knew him will readily acknowledge the justice of this encomium, and will join in lamenting that such a man should be sacrificed with impunity to the savage whim of a petty Oriental despot.

August 9th. — Mahomed Akber having promised to send Capt. Conolly's body for burial to Jellalabad, Major Pottinger sent to inquire this morning when it was to start, and received for answer from Akber that, "until Pollock should make peace, neither living nor dead should be suffered to go." The body was, therefore, buried this evening in the garden adjoining the fort. Capts. Troup and Lawrence returned from Jellalabad, and spent the night in the Bala Hissar.

August 10th. — The above-named officers rejoined us this morning, and informed us that their mission had led to no useful result. Gen. Pollock still demanded that all the prisoners should

* The death of *both* these unfortunate officers is now beyond reasonable doubt. — Ed.

be sent down immediately, which Akber as positively refused to do without a written agreement. The crisis of our fate was consequently nigh at hand. About this time Mahomed Akber, having made several fruitless attempts to collect revenue in the Zoormut valley, at last sent the *Meer Waiz*, or high priest, thither for the purpose; but "his holiness" met with so little respect on this unpopular mission, that his horse was stolen, and he was obliged to return to Cabul on foot. Akber, demanding that the animal should be restored, was told that the owner must "*come and fetch him.*" Such is royalty in Affghanistan. If Akber's merits as a ruler may be judged by the following anecdote, the future prospect of Affghanistan under his sway are poor indeed. Shortly after his last assumption of power, under the title of Wuzeer, some Lohannee merchants, whose trade had been entirely stopped by the late anarchy, ventured to Cabul with a few goods, to feel their way. Akber no sooner heard of their arrival, than he sent for them to his house,—bought up all their stock—paid them honestly—gave them dresses of honour—and, having urged them to return shortly with their richest wares, dismissed them to their homes rejoicing. Of course they gave out every where that such a first-rate fellow as Akber had never before appeared in any age

or country. No time was lost in despatching a valuable cafila from *Dera Ishmael Khun* to Cabul, which was accompanied by many of the richest Lohannees in person. Akber's eager eye was on the look-out for their coming; and scarcely had they set foot within the city, before he pounced upon them like a hawk upon his prey, despoiled them of all their merchandize, and levied a heavy fine upon the chiefs of the party.

August 11*th.*—We were thrown into no slight dismay this morning by the sudden stoppage of our supplies. No time was lost in sending information to Akber, when it was discovered that the nazir, or steward, employed to supply us, being desirous to obtain payment for past expenses, had adopted this method of reminding Akber of his claims. The matter was soon settled, and our minds, as well as bodies, relieved. It was reported to us that an English officer had been seized in the disguise of a butcher in the Cabul bazar. This afterwards turned out to be a *hajee*, whom a thirst for adventure had brought from Arabia, viâ India, and being very fair, he was mistaken for an European. Some would have it that he was a Russian spy. This morning Mahomed Akber placed the sacred person of Futty Jung, his royal master, in durance vile, having intercepted a letter from him to Gen.

Pollock, urging the latter to march up at once, when all would be well; but warning him that, if he delayed much longer, an army would be collected to oppose him.

August 12*th.*—Major Pottinger, together with the five hostages, joined us, bag and baggage, from the Bala Hissar, by command of Abker, who rudely told his people to "*take those dogs away.*" This we supposed to be preliminary to our removal to Bameean or elsewhere. Mrs. Anderson was pronounced in imminent danger to-night.

August 13*th.*—Lawrence waited on Akber to ask him to give us two days' warning before taking us off; but he was told that we must be content with *one hour's* notice. Akber also declared that all further negotiation with Gen. Pollock for our release being at an end, he should permit no more correspondence to take place between us and our friends. He intended, however, as a last resource, to write a letter to Lord Ellenborough *direct.*

He mentioned having heard that Gen. Nott was positively *en route* from Candahar by the road of *Dera Ishmael Khan;* but whether he would turn off to Cabul, or pursue that road to India, was at present a mystery. Should his destination prove to be Cabul, we must be prepared to be *hurried* off to some far distant country. Such was the information brought us by Capt. Lawrence.

August 16*th.*—Futty Jung, of whose death by violence we had been hourly expecting to hear, was so fortunate as to effect his escape last night from Mahomed Akber's clutches. The latter, it was said, immediately despoiled the prince's wife and sisters of all their jewels.

August 17*th.*—Mrs. Smith, a poor European widow, servant to Mrs. Trevor, died of fever. Scarcely a single lady, officer, soldier, or child, had now escaped the disease, and we began to resemble a company of ghosts on a visit from the other world.

August 19*th.*—Our stock of medicines being by this time almost entirely exhausted, Capt. Troup went to urge Akber to send a list of our wants to Jellalabad, which, however, he positively refused to do, so long as Gen. Pollock continued to treat him as an enemy; but he promised that sufficient carriage should be provided for us all, in case of a march. Our servants were now strictly prohibited from going to the city, in consequence of their spreading reports to Akber's detriment, and there is no doubt that the inhabitants were by this time perfectly sick of their

new ruler, and were longing for the re-establishment of British influence.

At midnight there was a thunder-clap in the hill above us, which so shook the house as to be at first mistaken for an earthquake ; and the rain fell so suddenly, that Captain Boyd, who happened to be sleeping on the roof, had no time to escape, and was drenched to the skin in his bed.

August 23d. — The report was prevalent of an action having taken place near Gundamuck, from which several Affghans were said to have returned to Cabul wounded. Mahomed Akber, we learned, was at last preparing in earnest to meet Gen. Pollock in the field.

Great was our surprise this morning, and unfeigned our delight, at the unlooked-for arrival amongst us of the nine officers taken prisoners at Ghuznee on the capitulation of the garrison of that fortress. They were, Col. Palmer, Capts. Alston and Poett, Lieuts. Harris, Nicholson, and Williams, of the 27th N. I., and Capt. Burnet and Lieut. Crawford, of the Shah's service. The joy of the meeting was mutual, as they had heard most extravagant accounts of our ill treatment, as had we of theirs; and it was a satisfaction to find that matters had not been quite so bad as represented. On comparing notes, however, we found that their treatment had been

much more harsh than our own, inasmuch as they had been kept closely shut up in a small room, without the advantage of air and exercise; Col. Palmer, too, had once been subjected to torture, to force from him a disclosure as to the treasure, which he was suspected to have buried in the citadel. They were hurried off hither on the 20th, during the absence of Shumshoodeen Khan, the governor, who had marched towards Candahar, to oppose Gen. Nott; and it was supposed that Mahomed Akber had taken advantage of that chief's absence, to carry them away by stealth, through the agency of his own friends. They arrived in the Bala Hissar last night, and were received with great courtesy by Akber, who inquired closely into the treatment which they had experienced. Akber and Shumshoodeen had not been on good terms for some time past. It will be remembered that Ghuznee was invested by the insurgents early in November, 1841. The city was defended for several weeks with great spirit, but the enemy gained admittance through the treachery of the Affghan inhabitants, by a hole made through the wall of a house adjoining the rampart. The enemy once in the town, the garrison was obliged, after several ineffectual endeavours to dislodge the overwhelming

foe from the posts of vantage they occupied, to retire within the citadel. There they held out bravely, until their water failed; when, being hemmed in by snow, and with no possibility of retreating, they had no other course left but to capitulate or perish. Gen. Elphinstone had sent a written order to Col. Palmer to evacuate the place, in compliance with the treaty concluded at Cabul. To this order Col. Palmer attended only when he had no other course left, and by so doing he saved the greater portion of his garrison. No blame can possibly attach to him; and though, as a matter of form, he must be tried, his honourable acquittal is certain: Affghan treachery was as conspicuous at Ghuznee as at Cabul. On an appointed day the garrison marched out to a quarter of the city allotted for their reception, Shumshoodeen Khan standing pledged to regard their lives and liberty. Lieut. Lumsden remained behind the rest with the rear guard, and was in a house with his wife awaiting the moment to march, when the murderous mob burst into the place and put the whole party to death. The regiment, too, after being separated from its officers, was called upon to surrender its arms, which several sepoys refusing to do, they were slaughtered and the rest made captives. Such

was the melancholy tale to which we now listened for the first time.*

August 25th.—In the morning we were told that we should probably march at night. We therefore packed up our few necessaries, and got ready for a start. In vain we indulged in glimmering hopes of a rescue. Too well we knew that no one had sufficient energy to attempt it. In the evening Captain Troup came from Akber, to see us off. Major Pottinger, being no favourite with the Wuzeer, was sent back to us; and Capt. Bygrave was ordered to remain with him in the Major's stead.

At dusk our cattle arrived, and kujawurs (camel-litters) for the sick. Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Trevor, being too seriously ill to undertake a journey, without incurring certain death, were, with the utmost difficulty, allowed to remain behind with their families, and with Dr. Campbell as their medical attendant. All the rest, sick and otherwise, were forced to be on the alert; and at half-past ten P.M., the moon being well risen, we started,—some in kujawurs, some on horseback. Our escort consisted of between 300 and 400 men, armed with muskets, and formed into a regiment, under the command of one Saleh Mahomed Khan, formerly a subadar in Capt. Hopkins's Affghan

* See Appendix for Lieut. Crawford's own account.—ED.

levy, who had rendered himself famous, or rather infamous, by deserting with all his men to Dost Mahomed at Bameean, in 1840. About half-a-dozen Hindoostanees, with bugles, fifes, and drums, formed a rude sort of band, and marched off in state at the head of the regiment. At another time we might have indulged in merriment at their expense; but now we were too sick in heart and frame to exercise our sense of the ludicrous. Passing through the Logur gorge we crossed the Logur river by a bridge, and, pursuing a westerly course, reached the rich valley of Chardeh.

August 26th.— At 9 A.M. we came to a halt at Killa Kazee on the Ghuznee road, after a journey of about sixteen miles. Part of our way was through narrow lanes, overhung by mulberry trees, under which the camels could not find a passage without subjecting the luckless inmates of the kujawurs to very rough treatment from the branches. Mrs. Mainwaring had the skin of her arm rubbed off in this manner, and some of the other ladies got severe knocks on the head; the heedless *surwan*, or camel-driver, meanwhile pursuing his course most philosophically, taking no notice whatever of the accidents in his rear, except now and then to give a malicious grin of satisfaction. I should have mentioned that most of the ladies now, for the first time, adopted in part the Affghan

dress, the outer garment of which consists of a large and white sheet completely shrouding the body, to which is attached the *bourkha*, or veil, of white muslin, with only a small open space of network opposite the eyes, to peep through.

Hitherto they had all preferred adhering to their own costume, but now that they were going into unknown regions, where it would be desirable to attract as little notice as possible, the adoption of the national dress, when travelling, became a matter of expediency. At Killa Kazee we found Sultan Jan halting to breakfast, *en route* to Ghuznee, with about 50 followers, with full purpose to annihilate Gen. Nott. He having possession of the serai, our whole party were obliged to seek shelter under the scanty shade of three or four mulberry trees. Soon after Sultan Jan's departure, one of the officers went to the serai to beg for a room for the ladies and children, but was repelled with scorn, and asked, "what he, an infidel, meant by entering the place with his shoes on?" At noon we were joined by Dr. Berwick, with about thirty European soldiers of the sick detachment, under Lieut. Evans, H. M. 44th Foot. That officer, with Lieut. Haughton of the late Goorkha regiment, came up a few hours afterwards, both in a very sickly state. It will be remembered that poor Haughton lost his right arm

from a wound received at Charekar, during the gallant defence of that place, in November, 1841. He had suffered the torture of a *second* amputation, the first having been too hastily performed, and his subsequent sufferings had been severe. It is to be sincerely hoped that his unfortunate case will meet with the generous consideration of the Indian government. Major Pottinger received a letter to-day, by stealth, from Major Rawlinson, political agent at Candahar, informing him of Gen. Nott's advance on Cabul.

No provisions were served out the whole day to man or beast. In the evening Saleh Mahomed's band committed deliberate murder on some old regimental tunes.

August 27th. —We set out again at about 2 A. M. The road lay over the hill pass of *Suffed Khak*, into the small but beautiful valley of Maidan. We halted for a few minutes under a splendid grove of spreading poplars. About a mile beyond this we encamped at *Kat Ashroo*, near the banks of a clear crystal stream, shaded by lofty poplars. Lower down the declivity, about the middle of the valley (which was here about a mile wide), there ran a small river carrying fertility along its banks. Picturesque clumps of poplars and willows here and there broke the view, the intervening space being filled up with green and

yellow fields of cultivation. Bare and rugged mountains every where bounded the landscape. Here, as we reclined our wearied limbs, and looked around on the smiling scene which every where charmed the eye, we wondered that the inhabitants of so favoured a spot should be insensible to the blessings of peace; — that the loveliness of nature, and the quiet occupations of husbandry, should have so little power to soften the heart, and subdue the fierce passions of savage men, who here, as elsewhere throughout Affghanistan, have, like the untameable descendants of Esau, " their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them." We were told that the whole of this seemingly peaceful valley was so distracted by blood feuds, that the inhabitants scarcely dared to venture a few hundred yards from their own dwelling.

August 28th. — We moved on again at 2 A. M. The road continued up the valley, which, if possible, improved in beauty as we proceeded. We halted within 4 miles of *Sur Chusma*, at Tak Khana, in a field bounded on one side by shady poplars, and on the other by a fine clear stream. This being the high road to Balk, we constantly met groups of asses laden with merchandise for the Cabul market, among which we could not be unconscious of the presence of assafœtida,

which diffused its powerful and oppressive odour far and wide. Grapes, apples, pears, and apricots, were brought to us in great plenty for sale from the villages, and furnished a seasonable refreshment after our journey of about 14 miles. No tents were pitched, and the fever patients suffered greatly from the damp air at night.

August 29th. — We started at daybreak. A short march of nine miles to *Oonai*, within two miles of which place we passed a well-built fort, belonging to a Kuzzilbash chief, who, having heard of our approach, had kindly prepared a quantity of small cakes, which were distributed to us as we passed along. The road had a gradual ascent the whole way. We had now entered the country of the Huzarehs, a hardy independent race of people inhabiting the extensive mountainous tracts, which extend from that spur of the *Hindoo Koosh* which forms the western barrier of Kohistan, to within a few miles of Herat. They are divided into sects, one professing the *Soonee*, the other the *Sheeah* tenets. The Kuzzilbashes of Cabul, being Sheeahs, exercise considerable influence over the Huzarehs of that persuasion, who hold the best parts of the Bameean valley and its neighbourhood. The knowledge of this fact gave us some hopes of a rise in our favour, in the event of Akber sustaining any

signal defeat, the Kuzzilbashes having all along been our secret friends.

August 30th. — We pursued our march at 3 A. M., and after the first mile we commenced ascending the *Oonai* pass, consisting of several steep ascents and descents for five miles. Here we came in sight of the *Koh-i-baba*, a lofty snow-clad mountain of the Indian Caucasus. The latter part of the road was more level, descending gradually to the bed of the *Helmund* river, on the right bank of which we encamped at *Gurdundewal*. The Helmund was here about twenty-five yards broad, at this season, and about two feet deep. Some of the guard had a skirmish with a few Huzareh thieves, one of whom was killed, and two taken prisoners. The march to-day was about twelve miles, but very tedious. A beautiful species of *Salvia* was very abundant.

August 31st. — We started about 4 P. M. The road lay for six miles up the stony bed of a large stream, one of the tributaries of the Helmund. Here we passed a chalybeate spring, the water of which was greatly discoloured, and sparkled like soda water, which it very much resembled in taste. For the rest of the way we had gentle ascents. We passed much barley cultivation stil green in the ear, and encamped in the narrow valley of *Kar-zar*, where we found a fort in a

state of siege, and the hill-sides covered with Huzarehs. It seems that the Chief of *Gurdundewal* demanded the toll of the road as his right, and was enforcing his claims with his armed retainers.

September 1*st*. — We ascended the pass of *Hajeeguk*, the summit of which is 12,400 feet above the sea. The ascent was gradual and easy enough, but the descent very steep and long. About three miles led us into the valley of *Kaloo*, studded with a few poor-looking forts, and tolerably well cultivated with wheat and barley; but the crops seemed very backward, being still green in the ear. In these cold regions winter sometimes treads on the heels of summer, pushing autumn out of the way altogether; and a severe frost will destroy the fruits of the husbandman's industry, before the grain is yet ripe for the sickle. We crossed two broad and foaming torrents, the last a tributary of the Oxus. Boulders of granite were of frequent occurrence. The *Koh-i-baba* was now within a few miles on our left, and is probably composed of that rock. About the tenth mile brought us to the foot of the *Kaloo* pass, where the camp was pitched close to a small fort. A Hindoo servant of Col. Palmer, having offended some of our guard, was with difficulty rescued from a violent death.

September 2d. — At daybreak we commenced the ascent of the *Kaloo* mountain, forming part of the principal chain of the Indian Caucasus. The road being unsafe for camels, all the *Kujawurs* were filled with baggage, that the ladies and sick might ride on the ponies. The length of the ascent was about two miles, and the road very narrow and precipitous in many places. The summit is 13,400 feet above the sea. The view to the north presented a boundless chaos of barren mountains, probably unequalled in wild terrific grandeur.

Bameean and its caves were dimly discernible in the distance. Some of the sick soldiers, who were forced to walk, were quite exhausted; and one poor fellow, who was too weak even to sit on a horse, it was found necessary to bind on a camel. The descent was very tedious and steep, and almost four miles in length. At the foot of the hill we enjoyed a few minutes' rest, under the shade of some old willows by the side of a delicious stream. These willows had straight spreading branches, and were totally unlike any others I had ever seen. We now entered a small cultivated valley with two small forts. Encamped at *Killa Topchee*.

September 3d. — Saleh Mahomed Khan made his appearance this morning in a European officer's

blue frock coat, with shoulder-scales; and his second-in-command blazed forth in an infantry officer's full-dress scarlet uniform. This display of finery must have been intended to make a favourable impression on the inhabitants of Bameean.

Our route lay down a narrow cultivated valley enclosed by low hills of red indurated clay, assuming occasionally the most fantastic forms, until we reached the Bameean river, flowing eastward, which we crossed by a bridge, and then commenced to ascend the valley down which it takes its course. The cultivation along its banks was richer than we expected to see, and the *Tirhiskh*, or barberry, grew wild in great abundance, in company with a species of *Hippophäe*, bearing a plentiful crop of small bright yellow berries. Seven miles more took us to Bameean, the approach to which was very remarkable. The same clay hills lined the valley on either side, alternating in shade from deep red to bluish grey, and forming here and there long lines of perpendicular cliff.

The vast assemblage of caves, for which the place is celebrated, became visible at a great distance, and the ancient citadel of Gulguleh, with its lofty ruined towers, crowning an isolated pyramidal hill, rising behind the scene, formed

a striking and imposing object. We passed several small Affghan forts, and halted at one somewhat better than the rest, where we had just got our tents pitched and our breakfast in a state of forwardness, when we were peremptorily ordered to remount and move a few miles higher up the valley. We were very loth to obey; but neither sulky looks, nor open remonstrances, had any effect on Saleh Mahomed, and onward we travelled in that sort of temper peculiar to hungry men disappointed of their morning's meal. On our way we passed close by the famous colossal images, sculptured in a cliff, which was about 300 feet in height, and perforated with hundreds of caves rising one above the other in irregular stories. The first figure we passed was that of a female, 120 feet high; the body covered with a clever representation of thin drapery; the position easy and natural. The upper part of the face is entirely destroyed.

About 400 yards further on, in the same cliff, stands the male figure, about 160 feet high, and clothed in a similar fashion with a light drapery. The mouth alone remains a perfect feature of the face, and is well formed. Each figure is sculptured in a deep recess, having an ornamented ceiling, on which are painted what seem intended to represent ancient kings and queens, and a

variety of emblematic personages, whose mystery it would be difficult, at this remote date, to clear up to the satisfaction of the Society of Antiquaries. There are openings at the head and feet of both images, which are connected by galleries and stairs cut inside the rock. The whole long line of excavations forms a wonderful scene, and carries the fancy back thousands of years, to a date at which a widely different race peopled the country from any now existing.

A few of the caves were still inhabited by the lower orders. About a mile beyond this spot we halted at a small fort, in which the ladies were offered quarters, but of so unprepossessing an appearance, that they earnestly requested permission to remain in the tents, preferring solar heat, with pure air, to the darkness and filth of a mud hovel confined within close walls. The place was therefore made over to the poor soldiers, to whom it was really acceptable.

The soaring snow-clad peaks of *Koh-i-baba* have a majestic aspect from this point of view; although from the south side they had somewhat disappointed our expectations.

The ancient city of Gulguleh was destroyed by Khenghis Khan in the thirteenth century. Its ruins cover a considerable extent of ground. The place then sunk into a state of insignificance, from

which it has never emerged; and the scanty population is now dispersed over the valley, among a few small forts belonging to Huzareh chiefs.

This evening Saleh Mahomed Khan boasted aloud before his men, that Gen. Nott's force had been entirely cut up at Ghuznee, by Shumshoodeen. This was probably intended to check desertion, to which many of them seemed much inclined, in consequence of irregular pay and scanty food.

The only fuel here attainable is a small round prickly plant, as impenetrable as a hedgehog, called by the natives "*Khola-i-Huzareh*," or the Huzareh's Cap. It seemed a species of acanthophyllum. The portion served out to each mess barely sufficed to boil a kettle.

September 4th.—Saleh Mahomed took Capt. Lawrence this morning to look at another fort, which he proposed as a habitation for the ladies and officers; but Lawrence told him that, although it might be fit for *Affghans and cattle*, it certainly was not so for us,—being full of filth and vermin. Saleh Mahomed, upon this, declared that, if any of us should escape, he would kill the rest. He was evidently anxious, for some reason or another, to get us into a place of security, and much annoyed by our squeamishness on the subject. A little rain fell during the night.

Sept. 5th.—I obtained leave to visit the ca es and images, one of the guard accompanying me. A walk of one mile brought me to the base of the male figure, the size of which on a near approach seemed really stupendous. Along the sides of the recess, in which it is carved, are ranges of large circular chambers with vaulted ceilings. The image has been greatly mutilated by cannon shot, for which act of religious zeal credit is given to Nadir Shah. One circumstance struck me as remarkable,—which was, that in all those parts where the limbs are deficient, there are regular rows of small holes, in which pieces of wood have been stuck, for the evident purpose of making plaster adhere. From this it would appear either that an attempt had been made to restore the mutilated parts by these means, or that the figure was originally only partially sculptured in the rock, and the deficiencies made up with plaster in the manner I have mentioned. From the apparent facility with which, from the softness of the rock, the image might have been chiselled perfect at the first, I incline to the belief that an attempt has been since made to repair the work of destruction, during some temporary success of the heathen inhabitants against their Mahomedan invaders. The cliff is composed of that species of conglomerate known by the name

of pudding-stone, consisting of very hard clay, thickly studded with various kinds of rounded pebbles.

I ascended to the top of the female image by a series of stairs and galleries, the labour of excavating which through the solid rock must have been immense. From the main gallery others branched off in all directions, communicating with distant chambers. While sitting on the lady's crown, enjoying a splendid view of the country, I was joined by some of the inhabitants, who were very inquisitive to know what was written in our books concerning the place. I told them it was generally supposed that Alexander the Great founded a city there. His fame is diffused so generally among all classes in Affghanistan, that I was pretty certain my information would prove satisfactory. After a long chat on late events, these men assured me that the whole population of the valley were favourable to the English, whose rule they preferred to any other, and that all the chiefs were most anxious we should be released and peace be restored. On my return I found Saleh Mahomed's band hammering away at their only tune, with extraordinary zeal and perseverance, to an admiring crowd of strangers, who seemed perfectly entranced by the brilliant performance. The Affghans have a de-

cided taste for music, and quickly discern the beauties of a tune to which a Hindoo would listen with utter indifference. At Cabul the band-stand of Her Majesty's 13th was a favourite resort with the respectable classes, and their own national melodies, when chaunted in the open air, are by no means displeasing to an European ear. — Gunner M'Crae, of the Artillery, was buried this evening.

September 6th. — I accompanied Lady Sale on a second trip to the caves. Her Ladyship, who is well skilled in numismatics, at the first glance pronounced the figures painted on the ceiling over the images to be identical with those on many Sassanian coins. This, if really the case, may throw considerable light on the history of these curious relics of antiquity. After our return to camp, a *feu-de-joie* was fired by the guard for the evacuation of Candahar by our troops.

September 8th. — Several desertions took place from among the men of our guard, and Saleh Mahomed at last insisted on our moving into a fort for better security. One of his subordinate officers, having spoken insolently on parade, was condemned to part with his long black beard, and the barber was summoned to carry the sentence into effect before the men. This is the greatest indignity which a Mahomedan can suffer,

and the fellow looked not a little disgusted, but was forced to submit amidst the jeers of his comrades.

Sept. 9th. — A fort being reported ready for our reception, we moved into it. The interior space was crowded with low and filthy mud hovels, lately the abode of sheep and oxen. On entering our new apartments, we found ourselves for a few minutes in total darkness, until, our eyes becoming reconciled to the gloom, we discerned small holes in the roof, intended to represent windows, through which a few questionable rays of light struggled for admittance. In Affghanistan air and light are considered superfluous luxuries in a dwelling-house: but, to make up for these deficiencies, our olfactory nerves were brought into active exercise.

Although very much disgusted in heart, we had no alternative but to grin and bear it. Five respectable Lohanee merchants, who happened to be strolling near the walls of the fort, were seized by Saleh Mahomed, on pretence of having been discovered holding secret communication with us, but in reality for the purpose of extorting money from them.

Sept. 10th. — Zoolficar Khan, the governor of Bameean, came early in the morning to demand the release of the Lohanee merchants. Saleh

Mahomed, however, assumed very consequential airs, and said he would imprison the Governor himself should *he* be convicted of a similar offence. After much bravado of this kind, he released the men, and Zoolficar Khan took his departure, not over-pleased at his uncourteous reception.

Sept. 11*th.*—The crisis, which we had so long been anticipating with dread, at length arrived. A decisive order was received by Saleh Mahomed, from Mahomed Akber Khan, for our instant march to Kooloom. All hope of deliverance seemed now at an end, and we endeavoured calmly to resign ourselves to a fate that seemed inevitable. But Providence had mercifully ordained otherwise.—At 10 A.M., to our unbounded astonishment, Major Pottinger came to inform us that Saleh Mahomed Khan had offered to make us over to the British General, on condition of our securing to him the payment of 20,000 rupees in ready cash, and 1000 rs. per mensem for life. Major Pottinger, together with Capts. Lawrence and Johnson, had immediately closed with his offer, and had signed their names to a document, whereby they guaranteed the payment of the above reward. To this Capt. Mackenzie, on becoming acquainted with the circumstances, became likewise a party; and the rest of us (with

the exception of one, who refused to co-operate, on the ground of the measure being *precipitate**, but who did, I believe, afterwards join in it,) signed another paper, in which we stood pledged to save those four officers from loss, in case the government should refuse to sanction the expenditure. We afterwards learned that we were in a great measure indebted for this sudden turn of affairs in our favour to Ali Kuzul Khan, and other Kuzzilbash chiefs, in concert with Mohun Lall (late Moonshee to Sir Alexander Burnes), who sent Syud Moorteezzer to Bameean to negotiate with Saleh Mahomed for our release, Mohun Lall promising a liberal reward in the name of the British government.† Saleh Mahomed's offer to Major Pottinger was the result of the Syud's mission, which the news of Gen. Pollock's triumphant advance on Cabul tended, without doubt, to facilitate. It also fortunately happened that Saleh Mahomed's family at this time inhabited the Chundoul, and the Kuzzilbashes threatened to visit on them any injury he should suffer to befall us, the fear of which had induced

* Major Pottinger says, that Major General Shelton and Colonel Palmer declined affixing their signatures to any such paper, lest they should implicate themselves with Mahomed Akber. See his letter to General Pollock, Parl. Pap. No. 512. — EDITOR.

† See Mohun Lall's letter, Appendix E. — EDITOR.

one of his brothers to come out to Bameean, for the purpose of prevailing on him to accede to the terms proffered for our release. The bait proved, as has been seen, irresistible, and we were all now, with him at our head, fairly embarked in the dangerous vortex of an Affghan conspiracy. The first point to be settled was, how to deal with a man called the *Meer Akhor*, who had accompanied our party from Cabul, as a sort of political colleague to Saleh Mahomed Khan. He was well known to be one of Mahomed Akber's most faithful and confidential adherents; of his co-operation we could, therefore, entertain no hope, and of his continued presence, as he commanded a party of 100 Ghiljie horse, it was desirable to get rid as soon as possible. It was accordingly contemplated to seize his person on the first fair occasion that might offer. In the evening Saleh Mahomed paraded his men, when they were very clamorous for pay, and declared their intention to proceed no further, unless their wants were supplied. This little scene was probably got up as a blind for the *Meer Akhor*.

Sept. 12*th.* — At an early hour Saleh Mahomed's flag of defiance was displayed on one of the towers of our fort. A supply of money being much wanted, to keep the troops in good humour, a cafila was intercepted from Bokhara, and about

400 rupees extorted by way of tax. Major Pottinger next adopted the bold step of appointing a new governor of the province, in the name of the British government. Presents and promises were at the same time liberally dispensed to the neighbouring Huzareh chiefs, who almost unanimously declared in our favour.

In the evening Zoolficar Khan himself (the old governor) thought it advisable to send and tender his submission. Major Pottinger, in reply, reminded him that he owed his advancement originally to the English, and now had an opportunity to prove himself a friend, in which case his reward should be proportionate to his services. At night we were assured that the whole Huzareh population of the valley were on our side, and ready to take up arms against Akber, even should he appear with a thousand horse to back him.

Altogether the plot prospered beyond our most sanguine expectations.

Sept. 13*th.* — The two small forts at this time occupied by ourselves and the European soldiers, and which were only one hundred yards apart, being deemed by Saleh Mahomed ill-adapted for defence, he proposed removing us to another fort about two miles lower down the valley, which prevented our making immediate preparations for a siege.

As Mahomed Akber's arrival was to be hourly expected (in flight from Gen. Pollock's army), we were impatient to get every thing in proper trim against a surprise; and it seemed to us that Saleh Mahomed was much too dilatory in taking the necessary precautions. We now learned, for the first time, that he had yesterday received a second letter from Mahomed Akber, urging him to hurry us off to Kooloom without delay, and instructing him to *put to death* all who, from sickness or the want of a conveyance, might be unable to travel. It is but fair to add that none of our party actually *saw* this letter, and that we have since had reason to doubt whether Saleh Mahomed really received any such murderous order. The story was most probably an invention of his own, to enhance the value of his services.

The Meer Akhor had meanwhile become aware of what was passing, and wisely took himself off to the fort of Zoolficar Khan. In the course of the day he sent to assure Major Pottinger that he was his very dutiful servant. Saleh Mahomed, distrusting his professions and those of Zoolficar Khan, kept the troops under arms all the morning, and paraded them about for two or three hours, with drums beating and colours flying, hoping by this display of strength to intimidate his adversaries.

Some members of the *Meer Waiz*'s family, amongst whom were several females, passing along the road *en route* from Cabul to Toorkistan, Saleh Mahomed ordered them to halt. Two men of the party, upon this, rode up to remonstrate. One grave, conceited Moollah was instantly pulled from his horse to the ground, where he lay for some minutes looking most ludicrously astounded; the soldiers meanwhile venting their abuse at the pitiful scoundrels, who, as they declared, "having been foremost in exciting their countrymen to rebel, were now sneaking off with their families to a place of safety, leaving their deluded followers to be destroyed."

After a short detention they were permitted to proceed on their way; Saleh Mahomed probably thinking it impolitic to offer any further indignity to relations of so powerful a personage as the High-Priest of Cabul. Saleh Mahomed, in the course of conversation with some of the officers to-day, said that he supposed we should no sooner find ourselves fairly out of his clutches, in the British camp, than we should turn round upon him and exclaim, "You be d—d!" (using the English words). Major Pottinger both to-day and yesterday wrote to communicate our situation to Gen. Pollock, of whose arrival at Cabul we now daily expected to hear.

Sept. 14*th.*—It being at length settled that we should remain in our present position, we lost no time in preparing the two forts for a siege. Our first step towards this was to raise a subscription amongst ourselves of 500 rupees, as a common fund for provisioning the two garrisons. Saleh Mahomed likewise busied himself in laying in supplies for his men. The water was turned into the ditches, and a promise was made of arms for officers and men, if procurable. Meanwhile we received ample encouragement from all quarters, and were assured that the whole country from *Sir-i-chushm* to *Syghan* was friendly to our cause. This evening several chiefs had a conference with Saleh Mahomed and Major Pottinger, when they solemnly commenced their proceedings by repeating the *Futtiah*, — a prayer used by the faithful on all important occasions, — and they concluded with an oath of fidelity to us throughout the present undertaking. Towards midnight we were all aroused from sleep by the drums beating to arms, and we rushed out in haste, making sure that Akber was in sight.

We were told that 100 horsemen had been discerned, in the direction of the caves, by Saleh Mahomed's brother, and that, on being challenged, they had returned no answer. All were soon on the alert, and skirmishing parties were

sent out in all directions to reconnoitre. We spent an anxious hour, expecting every instant to be attacked, but all remained quiet; and, as the scouts reported the coast clear, we resumed our broken slumbers.

Sept. 5*th.*—This evening we heard that Gen. Nott had taken and destroyed Ghuznee; that Gen. Pollock's army was fast drawing near to Cabul; and that M. Akber was a fugitive in Kohistan. Saleh Mahomed, conceiving that the time had at length arrived when we might commence our retrograde movements with tolerable safety, gave us notice to be prepared for a march on the following morning. In the afternoon the Huzarehs brought us horses for sale, though at most exorbitant prices, and a few swords and muskets were distributed among the officers and men.

Sept. 16*th.*— With hearts fluttering between hope and anxiety, we issued forth from our comfortless prison, and at sunrise commenced our flight. The inhabitants of the several forts lined the road to witness our departure, and to express their good wishes for our success. Several of our party were still suffering from relapses of fever, and, sad to relate, a poor private of H. M. 44th expired on the journey. Retracing our steps down the Bameean valley, we reached our former

encampment at *Killa Topchee*. Here a Persian letter to Major Pottinger's address was received, giving a confused and imperfect, but still very acceptable, detail of Gen. Pollock's victory at Tezeen. At night we were still further elated by the arrival of a note from Sir R. Shakespear, military secretary to Gen. Pollock, dated at *Sir-i-chushm*, and stating that he had advanced thus far on his road to our relief, with a party of 600 Kuzzilbash horsemen.

Sept. 17*th*. — Recrossing the Kaloo mountain, we encamped near a fort about three miles from its base, where we had rested only a couple of hours, when a body of horse were descried descending into the valley down the distant pass of Hajeejuk. In an instant all were on the alert, straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of (as we fondly believed) our expected liberators; nor were our hopes disappointed.

The nearer approach of the party, as they crossed the valley, enabled us to recognise the friendly banner of the Kuzzilbash streaming in the air. Saleh Mahomed had by this time formed up his men in martial array, ready to receive friend or foe, as the case might be. A few minutes more of eager suspense elapsed, when Sir Richmond Shakespear, galloping up to where we

stood, bade us rejoice at our accomplished delivery, and dissipated every doubt.

At length we felt the blessed assurance of freedom; the heavy burden which had oppressed our hearts for nine tedious months was removed; and from that moment we were altered beings. Our gallant countryman was greeted on our side with no boisterous cheers of triumph, for all seemed alike conscious that the utterance of such sounds would but inaptly express the deep feelings of gratitude, that agitated our inmost hearts. Our joy was too great, too overwhelming, for the tongue to utter, as it is for my feeble pen to describe. That we should have escaped unhurt, with so many delicate women, young children, and tender infants, through such numerous perils, fatigues, and privations, and above all, from the hands of such merciless enemies as Akbar Khan and his Giljye confederates, seemed at first too much for the senses to realize; nor could even the most thoughtless among us fail to recognize and acknowledge, in all that had befallen us, the distinguishing grace and protecting providence of a forbearing and merciful God. We now for the first time learned that Gen. Pollock had reached Cabul on the 15th instant, where one of his first acts had been to hasten the departure of the Kuzzilbashes to our aid, by a donation of 10,000

rupees. To pay this sum, Sir R. Shakespear had been despatched to the *Chandoul*, the Kuzzilbash quarter of Cabul, where finding a party in readiness to start for Bameean, and rightly judging that the presence among them of an English officer would quicken their energies and accelerate the completion of their designs, he forthwith determined to act on his own responsibility; and exchanging his English uniform for a respectable Affghan costume, he joined them in quest of his captive countrymen. Saleh Mahomed Khan, although at first somewhat jealous that the Kuzzilbashes should have deprived him of the sole credit of our release, was speedily reassured by the lavish praises of Sir Richmond, who, as a mark of the highest honour that a superior can pay to an inferior, lifted the turban from off his own head, and placed it on that of the Affghan.*

Sept. 18th. — Mahomed Akber and many of his most powerful adherents being still at large, it seemed highly probable that they would yet make a desperate effort to recover their lost prey, and that all their remaining influence would be exerted to intercept our flight.

Sir R. Shakespear consequently lost no time in forwarding to Gen. Pollock an earnest request that troops might be instantaneously sent out

* See Appendix F. for a letter from the liberated captives to Sir R. Shakespear, and his reply.

to our support, especially as the pass of *Suffed Khak*, through which we must pass, was reported to be occupied by a band of hostile marauders. It was at the same time determined that we should hasten forward by forced marches, for which every facility was liberally afforded by the Kuzzilbash chiefs, in supplying us with fresh horses, our own animals being too ill-conditioned for rapid progress.

At dawn we accordingly resumed our march, and recrossing the Hajeejuk Pass, the summit of which was now intensely cold, we descended to the banks of the Helmund, stopping to refresh ourselves on the way with draughts of the mineral spring, which I have before mentioned. Some of our Kuzzilbash friends, being told that the water was medicinal, and seeing us drink it with so much apparent zest, immediately fancied it must be a sort of elixir vitæ, or sovereign specific for every human ailment, and tossed it down most greedily. One old fellow in particular, who declared himself to have been a martyr to rheumatism for several years, was in a perfect ecstacy of delight, and, having swallowed as much as would have slaked the thirst of an elephant, trotted on in the full belief that he had at length got rid of his enemy. It would have been cruel to undeceive him.

Sept. 19*th.* — Our next march was to *Takkhana*, a distance of thirty miles. On the way some of us stopped for a few minutes to partake of some sour curds and sweet cakes, which a Kuzzilbash chief had prepared for us by the side of one of those small gushing rivulets, the gladdening murmur of whose crystal waters so constantly greets the traveller's ear throughout Affghanistan. After recrossing the Oonai Pass, we found the hospitable old chief, whose fort stands at the base (and whose attention to us on our journey up to Bameean, under far different circumstances, I have already recorded), awaiting our arrival under the shade of some poplars by the road-side, where carpets were spread for our reception, and some excellent tea was served out to us in small china cups, quite in the European fashion.

Here my friend Capt. Mackenzie being taken ill, I remained with him until evening, when our worthy old host insisted on escorting us to camp in person, the road being too unsafe to admit of our travelling alone. On the way we passed a peasant with some tempting-looking fish, on which the old gentleman having seen us cast a longing eye, immediately commenced bargaining for them; but, having no money on his person, he was obliged to pawn his snuff-box for the

price. On our arrival in camp, he insisted on our accepting his purchase, and, as he was an inveterate snuff-taker, this little act of kindness must have cost him no small self-denial, and may not be deemed altogether unworthy of record. At night we obtained information that some hostile chief, with a thousand followers, had reached Kaloo, to intercept our flight a few hours after our departure, and would probably make an effort to overtake us. The Kuzzilbashes, apprehending a night attack, were desirous to remove the ladies into a fort, but we were overruled in this by Sir R. Shakespear, who seemed to think it not unlikely that his fair friends might turn rebellious at the bare idea of being again immured in an Affghan fort, even for one night. Fortunately, no foe appeared to disturb our repose.

Sept. 20*th.* — At early dawn we started for Argundee, distant twenty-five miles, where we had every hope of finding a British force on their route to our assistance. Once more we traversed the lovely valley of Maidan, and halted about half way, to refresh ourselves by the shady banks of a delicious stream, where we again did ample justice to the rude fare prepared for us by the Kuzzilbashes. Resuming our journey, we presently encountered an English officer, who gave

us the welcome information that Gen. Sale's brigade was only a few miles distant on the road to meet us, and, on our shortly afterwards reaching the town of *Kot-Ashroo*, a body of H. M. 3d Dragoons, with a squadron of the 1st Bengal Cavalry, burst suddenly upon our view, picketed in some adjacent fields. To describe what followed I borrow a passage from one of my own letters to a friend: — "All doubt was now at an end; we were once more under the safeguard of British troops: Gen. Sale was there in person; and his happiness at regaining his long lost wife and daughter can be imagined; the gallant veteran's countenance was an index of his feelings, and apathetic indeed must have been the heart that failed to sympathize with his holy joy. The camp was still a few miles further on, and we formed a procession of glad spirits as we moved along towards the pass of *Suffed-Kak*, whose heights we could discern crowned with British bayonets. These we found to be a part of the brave 13th Light Infantry, who, as the ladies successively ascended the hill, raised three hearty cheers to each of them, — sounds never to be forgotten, producing a thrill of ecstasy through the whole frame. The Mountain guns, under Capt. Backhouse, wound up the scene with a royal salute." Fervent were our aspirations of praise to Heaven at this happy, and of late unlooked for, termination of all our hardships and anxieties. Surely never has the hand of Providence been more clearly discernible, than in the wonderful preservation of so many ladies and children, through scenes of a nature to quail the stoutest heart and injure the strongest constitution; but more particularly in restraining the wrath of savage men, whose intense hatred of us was only equalled by their unscrupulous cruelty, and who longed to wreak their revenge upon us for the wrongs, whether real or fancied, that they had suffered at the hands of our nation.

Our friends in camp at Argundee received us with overflowing kindness, and we soon found ourselves in circumstances far more favourable than we had known for nine tedious months of suffering and sorrow.

Sept. 21st. — We marched on with the brigade to *Killa-Kazee*, where we had only a few days before been received with insult and abuse. The very house, that then refused us a shelter, was now in flames; so that vengeance did not, in this instance, tarry long. At 2 P. M. we started for Gen. Pollock's camp, on the plain east of Cabul. Near the tomb of the Emperor Baber we passed Gen. Nott's camp. Our road lay thence through the city. The streets were almost empty, and an unnatural silence prevailed. What a contrast to

the noise and bustle of former days! We passed the spot where Sir Alexander Burnes's house had stood. — It was now a heap of rubbish. — The garden, in which he took so much interest and pride, was a desolate waste. It was here that I had last enjoyed his fascinating society, as he pointed out to me the successful results of his labours and experiments, and looked forward with enthusiasm to the rapid amelioration of the country, through the agency of British enterprise and skill.

What an instructive lesson was now before me of the fallacy of human hopes, and the insufficiency of earthly honours, or the objects of even a lawful ambition, to satisfy the soul of man!

We entered Gen. Pollock's camp at sunset. Again the artillery uttered its boisterous notes of welcome, and old friends crowded around us with warm congratulations. For the present our cup of joy was full. Our fellow-captives, whom we had left behind at *Shewukkee*, were likewise in safety, having been liberated shortly after Akber's defeat by a party of Kuzzilbashes, headed by Jan Fishau Khan, a man whose invariable fidelity to the English has rendered him houseless, childless, and penniless, and who richly deserves the highest honours and rewards that a grateful government can bestow. Capt. Bygrave, who had left us on our departure from Shewukkee to join

Akber, alone was wanting, having been made the unwilling companion of that chief's flight to Goorbund. Knowing him to be a favourite with Akber, we felt no doubt of his personal safety, though we knew by experience that his situation must be sufficiently miserable. On the 27th we were relieved from all further suspense and anxiety on his account by his actual arrival in camp, accompanied by our old friend and keeper Mahomed Rufeek. He had been suffering greatly from fever, but had experienced most kind treatment from Akber and the Giljye chiefs who still adhered to him. The wily Akber had betrayed no signs of discomposure at our escape, whatever he may have *felt*, and even professed himself well pleased to hear of our safety.*

At all events he had the good sense to perceive that the further detention of his sole remaining prisoner could serve no good purpose, while by restoring him to liberty he might found a claim to credit for magnanimity, and perhaps in some degree conciliate the British government. Nor is the act altogether devoid of grace, when it is remembered that clemency to an unbelieving foe is neither a principle of the Mahomedan creed, nor a characteristic of the Affghan people.

* For a complete list of prisoners recovered, see Appendix H.—Ed.

It is impossible to take leave of Mahomed Akber Khan without regretting that a man so highly endowed by nature with talents and qualities, which, properly improved and cultivated, might have rendered him both an ornament and a blessing to his country, should, by blindly following the wild impulse of his passions, have perpetrated enormities, which have placed him beyond the pale of even Christian forgiveness, and entailed an incalculable amount of misery on his unhappy country.

By me little more remains to be said. It has been my task to record a tale of unparalleled disaster to the British arms, which had hitherto been identified only with triumph and renown throughout the Eastern world. — The past could not be recalled; but in one short year our wounded honour has been healed, and our martial reputation vindicated. The victorious armies of Pollock and Nott have satisfactorily proved that our soldiers, both European and native, are still invincible. It will be the pleasing task of abler writers to detail the heroic achievements, which terminated in the re-conquest of Ghuznee and Cabul, the recovery of British captives, and the restoration of the deposed Ameer, Dost Mahomed Khan.

APPENDIX.

CONTENTS OF THE APPENDIX.

A. Letter from Capt. Colin Mackenzie to Lieut. Eyre, giving an Account of his Defence of Brigadier Anquetil's Fort - - - - Page 375

B. No. 1. Despatch of Major-Gen. Elphinstone to the Secretary to the Government - - - 386

No. 2. and 3. Extracts from Memorandum of Major-Gen. Elphinstone - - - - 388

C. Parliamentary Papers.

No. 1. Translation of a Communication from Mahomed Akber to Gen. Pollock - - - 391

No. 2. Conversation between Sirdar Mahomed Akber Khan, Major Pottinger, and Capt. Troup - 393

No. 3. Gen. Pollock to the Secretary to Government 394

D. Lieut. Crawford's Account of the Loss of Ghuznee, &c. 396

E. Letter from Mohun Lall - - - - 412

F. Letter from the released Prisoners to Sir Richmond Shakespear, and his Reply - - - 417

G. List of Civil and Military Officers killed at and near Cabul; and also those saved of the Cabul Force 419

H. List of Prisoners released - - - 424

APPENDIX.

A.

THE following is the communication from Captain Colin Mackenzie referred to in the Author's preface, and at pp. 25. 44., which did not arrive with the first MS. — EDITOR.

LETTER FROM CAPT. COLIN MACKENZIE TO LIEUT. V. EYRE.

MY DEAR EYRE,

As you wish for an account of the manner in which I was besieged in the Kela-i-Nishan Khan, in the breaking out of the Cabul insurrection, I comply, although unwilling to appear so often in the first person, as I necessarily must, in order to give you a clear idea of the fatal nature of the blunder committed, in not sending me assistance from cantonments. I have by me a copy of some notes, which I made at the request of the late Major Thain, then Aide-de-Camp to our lamented chief, General Elphinstone. You are aware that the fort, in which I chanced to be living, contained the godowns of the Shah's commissariat; and that in one part the quarters of Brigadier Anquetil were situated. For the defence of these, a guard of

one havildar, two naicks, and eighteen sepoys had been assigned. The fort itself lies between that quarter of Cabul called the Moorad Khanah and its most western suburb, the Deh-i-Affghan. The Cabul river flows between the fort and the Kuzzilbash quarter (the Chundoul), to the south. Close to it, to the north, divided by a narrow road and a high wall, is a large grove of mulberry trees, known by the name of the Yaboo Khanah, in which the Yaboos of the Shah's commissariat used to be kept; but from which, towards the end of October, 1841, they had fortunately been removed into camp at Seeah Sung. In this Yaboo Khanah was a guard of six suwars; and, by chance, a detachment of a jemadar, and ninety-five men of Captain Ferris's Juzailchees; as also another of the Shah's sappers, consisting of one jemadar and fifty-nine men, including havildars and naicks. These last were encumbered with a host of women and children, brought up from their native country with them by the express orders of the Supreme Government. The house of Captain Troup, late Brigade-Major of the Shah's force, built so as to be capable of a tolerable defence, is about forty yards to the east of the fort, across a narrow canal; and the large tower, occupied by the late Captain Trevor and his family, lies across the river to the south-east, distant about 700 yards. This also, at the time, was perfectly defensible. You will easily perceive that, with these posts in our possession, and commanding, as we did, the open space between us, it was a point of importance to maintain our ground until the arrival of what we hourly expected, a regiment from the cantonment, whose presence would have immediately decided the wavering Kuzzilbashes

in our favour, and would have cut off all communication between the insurgent population of Deh-i-Affghan and their rascally brethren in the Moorad Khanah. Spreading far beyond the Yaboo Khanah, in the direction of cantonments, and circling round the west of the fort down to the river's edge, are walled gardens and groves, which afford excellent cover to a lurking enemy, who were enabled to come, without much danger, to within a few yards of my defences.

Early on the morning of the 2d of November, 1841, as I was preparing to go into cantonments with my baggage, intending to accompany the Envoy on the following day down to Peshawur, it was reported to me that an alarming riot had taken place in the town. Brigadier Anquetil and Captain Troup had gone out on their usual morning ride, not supposing the disturbance was of the importance it has since proved to be. I waited for the return of the above two officers for about an hour, previous to adopting decided measures, either for defence or retreat,—at the same time causing all the guards to stand to their arms. Suddenly a naked man stood before me, covered with blood, from two deep sabre cuts in the head, and five musquet-shots in the arm and body. He proved to be a suwar of Sir W. Macnaghten, who had been sent with a message to Captain Trevor, but who had been intercepted by the insurgents. This being rather a strong hint as to how matters were going on, I immediately gave orders for all the gates to be secured, and personally superintended the removal of the detachments in the Yaboo Khanah, with their wives and families, into the fort. At the same time I caused loopholes to be bored in the upper walls of Captain

Troup's house, in which were a naick and ten sepoys. Whilst so employed, the armed population of Deh-i-Affghan came pouring down through the gardens, and commenced firing on us. I threw out skirmishers; but, in order to save the helpless followers, we were obliged to abandon the tents and baggage. In covering the retreat, one of my men was killed, and one badly wounded; while about five of the enemy were killed. The whole of the gardens were then occupied by the Affghans, from which, in spite of repeated sallies made during the day, we were unable to dislodge them; on the contrary, whenever we returned into the fort, they approached so near as to be able, themselves unseen, to kill and wound my men through the loopholes of my own defences. The canal was during the day cut off, and so closely watched, that one of my followers was shot, while trying to fetch some water; but we fortunately found an old well in Brigadier Anquetil's quarters, the water of which was drinkable. Towards the afternoon, having no ammunition, but what was contained in the soldiers' pouches, I communicated with Captain Trevor, who still held his tower, apparently unmolested. Even *then*, Khan Shereen Khan, the chief of the Kuzzilbashes, and four or five other Khans of consequence, among them the leaders of the Hazirbash regiments, were with poor Trevor, *earnestly expecting that some decided measures on the part of the British would justify them in openly taking our part.* *

* During the expedition into Kohistan, under General Maccaskill, I accompanied it, having been placed by General Pollock in charge of Shahzadee Shapoor and the Kuzzilbash camp. In my frequent communications with Khan Shereen Khan, some

Trevor despatched my requisition, for ammunition *at least*, if not for more effectual assistance, into cantonments, where it arrived safely, the distance not being more than one mile and a half. Shortly after, our spirits were raised by the apparent approach of a heavy cannonade, and volleys of musquetry from the direction of the Moorad Khanah, and by the flight through the gardens of the multitudes who were assailing me, towards Deh-i-Affghan, from which quarter crowds of women and children began to ascend the hill, evidently in expectation of an assault from our soldiery. But these cheering sounds died away, and it was in vain that we strained our eyes, looking for the glittering bayonets through the trees, and round the corners of the principal street leading from cantonments. My besiegers swarmed back with shouts, and it required much exertion on my part to prevent despondency amongst my people, which feeling had been strongly excited by the confirmation of the rumour of the murder of Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and Captain Broadfoot; by the sight of the smoke from his burning house; and by the intelligence that the treasury of Captain Johnson, also in the town, had been sacked, and the guard slain. In the evening I

of the late Kuzzilbash leaders, and with other chiefs of the Kuzzilbash faction, all the circumstances of the late insurrection were over and over again recapitulated, one and all declaring positively that the slightest exhibition of energy on our part in the first instance, more especially in reinforcing my post and that of Trevor, would at once have decided the Kuzzilbashes, and all over whom they possessed any influence, in our favour. Khan Shereen also confirmed the idea, that an offensive movement on the opposite side of the town by Brigadier Shelton, had it been made in the early part of the fatal 2d of November, would at once have crushed the insurrection.

served out provisions from the government stores. The attacks continued at intervals during the night, and we had most disagreeable suspicions that the enemy were undermining our north-west tower, or bastion. At early dawn we sallied out to ascertain this, but were driven in again, after finding our apprehensions too well verified. There is much dead ground about all Affghan forts, on which it is impossible to bring musquetry to bear; and the towers can always be undermined, in the absence of hand-grenades on the part of the besieged. To meet this attempt, we sunk a shaft inside the ground-floor of the tower, and I placed four resolute men on the brink, ready to shoot the first man who should enter. The extent of the fort required all my men to be on duty at the same time, and some now began to wax weary. The cheerfulness of the remainder was not improved by the incessant howling of the women over the dead and dying. As a trait indicative of the character of the Affghan juzailchees, I must mention, that whenever they could snatch five minutes to refresh themselves with a pipe, one or other of them would twang a sort of rude guitar, as an accompaniment to some martial song, which, mingling with the above notes of war, sounded very strangely.

In the middle of this day (3d November), to my great grief, I saw the enemy enter Captain Trevor's tower; and a report was brought to us by two of his servants, who escaped across the river, that he and his family had all been killed, which, though it afterwards proved to be untrue, had a bad effect on my men, whose ammunition had now become very scarce, in spite of my having husbanded it with the greatest care. The scene of plunder now going on in Trevor's house

was evident from our ramparts; and the enemy, taking possession of the top, which overlooked my defences, pitched their balls from their large juzails with such accuracy, as to clear my western face of defenders; and it was only by crawling on my hands and knees up a small flight of steps, and whisking suddenly through the door, that I could ever visit the tower that had been undermined. The guard from Captain Troup's house now clamoured for admittance into the fort; and as Mr. Ballon, that gentleman's writer, called out to me that they were ready to abandon their post, I let them in, barricading my own door with sacks of flour. Against the door and small wicket, on Brigadier Anquetil's side, I had already piled heaps of stones and large timbers.

In the afternoon the enemy brought down a large wall-piece against us, the balls from which shook the upper walls of one of our towers, alarming the juzailchees much, who dread the effect of any species of ordnance. This disposition to despair was increased by the utter failure of ammunition, and by the Affghans bringing down quantities of fire-wood and long poles with combustible matter at the ends, which they deposited under the walls of the Yaboo Khanah, in readiness to burn down my door. Some suwars who were stationed on Brigadier Anquetil's side of the fort, now broke into a sort of half-mutiny, and began pulling down the barricade against his gate, to endeavour to save themselves by the speed of their horses. This I quelled, by going down amongst them with a double-barrelled gun, and threatening to shoot the first man who should disobey my orders. In the evening I was quite exhausted, as were my people; having by that

time been fighting and working for nearly forty hours without rest. Indeed, on my part, it had been without refreshment, as eating was impossible from excitement and weariness; and my absence for five minutes at a time from any part of the works disheartened the fighting men. Added to this, my wounded were dying for want of medical aid. I therefore yielded to the representations of my juzailchee jemadar, and of Mr. Ballon, from both of whom I received valuable assistance during the whole affair, and prepared for a retreat to cantonments. This we determined should take place during the early part of the night, at which time, it being then the fast of the Ramazan, we calculated the enemy would be at their principal meal. I ordered the juzailchees to lead, and to answer all questions, in case of encountering a post of the enemy. The wounded were placed on what yaboos I possessed, abandoning every thing in the shape of baggage; these, with the women and children, followed next in order; and I myself proposed to bring up the rear with my few regulars, who, I fondly imagined, would stick by me in case of a hot pursuit. We were to avoid the town, and to follow the course of the small canal above-mentioned, and afterwards to strike off by lanes, and through some fields, in the direction of cantonments. A night retreat is generally disastrous, and this proved no exception to the general rule; but, notwithstanding my strict order that all baggage should be left behind, it being very dark, many of the poor women contrived to slip out, with loads of their little property on their shoulders, making their children walk, whose cries added to the confusion, and to the danger of discovery.

Before we had proceeded half a mile, the rear missed the advance, upon whom a post of the enemy had begun to fire. All my regulars had crept a-head with the juzailchees, and I found myself alone with a chuprassee and two suwars, in the midst of a helpless and wailing crowd of women and children. Riding on by myself along a narrow lane, to try and pick out the road, I found myself suddenly surrounded by a party of Affghans, whom at first I took to be my own juzailchees, and spoke to them as such. They quickly undeceived me, however, by crying out "Feringhee hust," "Here is an European," and attacking me with swords and knives. Spurring my horse violently, I wheeled round, cutting from right to left, for I, fortunately, had my own sword drawn previous to the surprise. My blows, by God's mercy, parried the greater part of theirs, and I was lucky enough to cut off the hand of my most outrageous assailant. In short, after a desperate struggle, during which I received two slight sabre cuts, and a blow on the back of my head from a fellow, whose sword turned in his hand, which knocked me half off my horse, I escaped out of the crush, passing unhurt through two volleys of musquetry from the whole picket, which, by that time, had become alarmed, and had turned out. They pursued me; but I soon distanced them, crossing several fields at speed, and gaining a road, which I perceived led round the western end of the Shah's garden. Proceeding cautiously along, to my horror, I perceived my path again blocked up by a dense body of Affghans. Retreat was impossible; so, putting my trust in God, I charged into the midst of them, hoping that the weight of my horse would clear

my way for me, and reserving my sword-cut for the last struggle. It was well that I did so, for by the time I had knocked over some twenty fellows, I found that they were my own juzailchees. If you ever experienced sudden relief from a hideous nightmare, you may imagine my feelings for the moment. With these worthies, after wandering about for some time, and passing unchallenged by a sleepy post of the enemy, I reached the cantonments. During the night many stragglers of my party, principally followers, dropped in. During the whole business, from first to last, including the retreat, I had under a dozen killed, and about half that amount wounded, nearly half the former being followers; whereas about thirty of the enemy had bitten the dust, and gone to their place.

I cannot close this letter to you without remarking that, amongst other lamentable errors which led to our heavy downfall, that of omitting in the first instance to strengthen my post was, next to Shelton's refusal to pour his brigade into the town, while the rioters yet amounted to barely 200 men, the greatest. But the whole blame cannot, in this particular instance, be attributed to our poor friend General Elphinstone. He had not been sufficiently informed as to the importance of my position, nor as to the facility with which a strong reinforcement could have reached me. That he was specially anxious personally as to my safety there could be no doubt, as was shown by the warmth of his reception of me.

I need not remind you of the devoted heroism displayed throughout the siege by Hussain Khan, the juzailchee jemadar, and the handful of brave men who accompanied him, and who personally attaching

themselves to me remained under my command to the last. Numbers of them fell; others were disabled; a few departed to their own homes, on the day when I was taken prisoner, and Sir W. Macnaghten was murdered; and, I believe, nearly the sole survivors are some ten or fifteen men, who, with their brave leader, Hussain Khan, are now with us in camp. These proceed with the rest of the juzailchee corps under Captain Ferris to Ferozepore, where we hear they are to be disbanded, and sent back to their own country, to be destroyed by their bloodthirsty countrymen as a reward for their fidelity to us; and yet these were the men, who, during the period I was beleaguered in the fort of Nishan Khan, at a time when I was quite unknown to them, not only refused to listen to the repeated propositions of the Affghans outside to deliver me up to their vengeance, their own safety being thereby insured; but who, during the siege of cantonments, laughed to scorn the most tempting offers on the part of Ameenoollah Khan, Mahomed Akbar, and other Affghan chiefs, to induce them to join the general cause of Islam against the Kaffirs, invariably bringing the letters, in which they were conveyed, for my inspection and perusal. *

Yours very sincerely,

C. Mackenzie.

Camp Rawul Pindee,
En route to Ferozepore, Nov. 19. 1842.

* They were disbanded at Jelum, in the Punjab, each of the old soldiers receiving a donation of twelve months' pay, and the rest a gratuity in proportion to the length of their services, with which they all seemed very well satisfied. — V. E.

B. No. 1.

DESPATCH FROM MAJOR-GEN. ELPHINSTONE, ADDRESSED TO THE SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT.

Buddeeabad.

SIR,—With the deepest regret, I have the honour to forward, for the information of the Right Hon. the Governor-General in Council, the annexed memorandum of occurrences preceding and during the insurrection at Cabul, up to this date.

The state of my health and mental sufferings previous to, and consequent on, the unfortunate occurrences, render me little competent to furnish such complete information as I might have done, had it not been for the total destruction of my entire staff and all official documents and memoranda; and I have only been able to remedy the deficiency through the kind assistance of Major Pottinger and Capt. Lawrence, who having aided me with facts and dates, I trust, however meagre the account may be, that its tenor is, upon the whole, perfectly correct.

I beg to be allowed to express my sense of the gallant manner, in which the various detachments sent out were led by Brigadier Shelton, and of the invariably noble conduct of the officers on those occasions, particularly of those who fell leading their men; viz. Col. Mackrell, Capts. Swayne, Robinson, M'Crea, and Lieut. Raban, H. M.'s 44th Foot; Col. Oliver and Capt. Macintosh, 5th N. I.; Capt. Westmacott and Lieut. Gordon, 37th N.I.; Capt. Walker, 4th Local Horse, and Lieut. Laing, 27th N.I.

I hope I may also be permitted to record my sense of the zeal and exertions of my lamented Aide-de-Camp Major Thain, and my acting Quarter-Master-General Capt. Paton, both of whom were severely wounded, as also Capt. Grant, Assist.-Adj.-Gen., and my Aide-de-Camp Capt. Airey. I had inadvertently omitted Capt. Bellew, Assist.-Quarter-Master-General, who, at the storm of the Rika-bashee and Mahomed Sherreef's fort, evinced the greatest gallantry, and volunteered to carry the powder-bags.

From Brigadier Anquetil, commanding the Shah's force, and Col. Chambers, commanding the cavalry, I on all occasions received the most cordial assistance; and I take this opportunity to record the ever-ready zeal and gallant conduct of Capt. Troup, Major of Brigade, Shah Shooja's force.

Throughout the whole siege the utmost zeal was manifested by Lieut. Sturt, Engineers, and by Lieut. V. Eyre, Commissary of Ordnance, who, in consequence of the paucity of artillery officers, on all occasions volunteered his services, and was unfortunately wounded.

Capt. Colin M'Kenzie, Assist. Political Agent, Peshawur, volunteered to take charge of a body of Juzailchees, and was engaged in every affair, his and their conduct being most conspicuous.

The manner in which the soldiers, European and Native, bore up without a murmur against all privations and very harassing duty, at a most inclement season, was highly creditable to them, and more particularly the horse-artillery, who on all occasions upheld the character of that distinguished corps.

Among the many valuable and promising officers

who have fallen in the recent retreat, I would especially mention Captains Skinner and Hay, 61st and 35th N. I.; Lieut. Le Geyt, Shah's 2d Cavalry; and Lieut. Bird, Shah's 6th Infantry; the latter officer distinguished himself in the assault and capture of the Rika-bashee Fort.

Of the surviving officers, my thanks are due to Major Eldred Pottinger, C.B., Political Agent, and Capt. George St. P. Lawrence, Military Secretary to the late Envoy and Minister, for their cordial assistance and co-operation till the death of their lamented chief; and to Capt. Anderson, Shah's 2d Cavalry, and Capt. Bygrave, Paymaster, for their zeal and alacrity in the performance of their duty, amid trials and difficulties almost unprecedented.

I have the honour, &c.

W. K. Elphinstone.

To the Secretary to Government.

B. No. 2.

The following extracts from a memorandum of Major-Gen. Elphinstone deserve attention, both as supporting some of the Author's statements, and exhibiting in some degree the unfortunate General's disadvantages, as enumerated by himself.— Editor.

* * * * *

"I was unlucky in the state of my health; as, during the whole siege, I was not able to move without difficulty, except on horseback, and then not easily. On the evening of the 2d, going round the guards, I had a very severe fall, the horse falling on me. I was obliged to return home therefore. I then asked Captains Paton and Grant if they thought all had been done, and told them to see that Brigadier Anquetil made the arrangements in the mission compound; and it was a great loss to me that, shortly after his coming into cantonments, he was taken ill, by which I was deprived of his assistance, which he would cordially have afforded me. *The extent of the cantonment — the unfinished state of every thing in it — its indefensible position, commanded as it was on every side — particularly the facilities afforded for the approach of matchlocks — added much to our difficulties.* The troops were on half rations, and the whole of them on duty every night, and often all day, from threatened attacks. The want of artillery officers, notwithstanding Capt. (Lieut.) Eyre's volunteering, Capt. Waller being wounded early in the business.—On the 9th, not finding myself equal to the duties, particularly at night, when I could not get about on horseback, I recalled Brigadier Shelton from the Bala Hissar. * * * * I was unlucky, also, in not understanding the state of things, and being wholly dependent on the Envoy and others for information." * * * *

B. No. 3.

The passage next quoted clearly shows that it was in obedience to the General's order that the married

officers, as well as their wives and children, resigned themselves to Mahomed Akbar. This is, of course, a point of peculiar interest to those officers, especially as misrepresentation upon it has gone forth. — EDITOR.

Extract from a Memorandum by Major-General W. K. Elphinstone, C. B., of the Events preceding and during the Insurrection at Cabul.

" On the 9th (January) the march was ordered at 10 A. M., but, consequent on a message from the Sirdar, requesting us to halt till he could organize an escort for us, and promising supplies and firewood, it was countermanded. But a similar scene of confusion to that of the day before had taken place, and it was past mid-day before any thing like order was restored.

" Captain Skinner returned to the Sirdar, by whom he was again sent back with a proposal that the married people and their families should be made over to him, promising honourable treatment to the ladies. *I complied with his wish*, being desirous to remove the ladies and children, after the horrors they had already witnessed, from the further dangers of a camp, and hoping that, *as from the very commencement of negotiations the Sirdar had shown the greatest anxiety to have the married people as hostages, this mark of trust might elicit a corresponding feeling in him.*

"(Signed) W. K. ELPHINSTONE,
Major-General."

C. No. 1.

PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, No. 322.

Translation of a Paper from Mahomed Akbar Khan, received by Gen. Pollock on the 8th of May, 1842, *by the hands of Capt. Mackenzie.*

MY FRIEND, — In the letter for Pottinger Saheb, which Mackenzie has brought, there is nothing to give me confidence. I have, therefore, thought it necessary to send Mackenzie Saheb to you a second time.

When first Secunder Burnes came, I did all in my power that the wishes of the English Government might be realized; but the English Government would not agree to give assistance, if a foreign enemy invaded this country, and nothing was settled. After that, when an English army entered my country, I was compelled to be your enemy, and was three years a wanderer, and returned at the end of the confusion (Cabul insurrection). In the time when Pottinger, Lawrence, and Mackenzie Sahebs came, at the stage of Bootkak, I agreed to their wishes, and did all in my power to protect the army, as is well known to the above-mentioned Sahebs: but I could not save them from the hands of the multitude*, as all the army was disorganized, and the British soldiers could not protect themselves on account of the frost, and, moreover, the gentlemen did not attend to my advice.

2dly. If I allow the English, who are my guests, to depart according to your suggestion, or, according to Pottinger Saheb's advice, if I allow the English ladies

* The word alludes to the mob of Affghans, whom the Sirdar means to say he could not govern.

to depart before the gentlemen, in either case all Mahomedans will look upon me as their enemy, and the whole multitude will be opposed to me. Under these circumstances, I beg you to reflect that, not having come to an understanding with you, and having made enemies of them (Mahomedans), how can I exist? At present my friends and allies have possessed themselves of the government of Cabul, and all of them send daily to me three or four men with oaths and protestations, requesting me to come and be their king, and Mahomed Zeeman, Wuzeer. All the Ghilzies are my friends; and I, from the friendship I bear you, do not consent to be King of Cabul, since to be so must involve the necessity of being your enemy. I prefer your friendship to the throne (of Cabul), because, if I was to go to Cabul now, the men of Cabul would push me forward, and then it would be difficult to release my guests, and to be on friendly terms with you. On this account I have written, to show my friendship to your government. Please God, my services shall exceed the injuries I have done you. On condition that we are friends, let the terms of friendship between me and my friends, such as Mahomed Shah Khan and others, be written out, and be sent before the receipt of my guests in your camp, that I may feel confidence. The other matters have been explained to Capt. Mackenzie verbally, and he will make them known to you. I hope you will write down every article in a treaty signed * and sealed.

(There is no seal † to this document.)

* "The Sirdar has not signed it, as he fears it may be used against him, in case of your not closing with his terms."—*Major Pottinger to Gen. Pollock, Parl. Papers*, 320.

† "The circumstance of receiving a Persian memorandum without seal or signature does not evince that confidence and good faith, which ought to be shown when a good understanding between parties is desired." — *Gen. Pollock to Major Pottinger, Parl. Papers*, 323.

C. No. 2.

FROM THE PAPERS PRESENTED TO PARLIAMENT ON THE MILITARY OPERATIONS IN AFFGHANISTAN. No. 461.

Conversation between Sirdar Mahomed Akbar Khan, Major Pottinger, and Capt. Troup, on the Morning of the 29th of July, 1842.

Mahomed Akbar opened the conversation by stating that it was recommended that great men should ask advice of each other, and related the fable of the besieged king. He then told us he wanted advice as to what he should do; and, in answer to the question what his own wishes were, declared he required only our promise of friendship. Major Pottinger then — premising that he must bear in mind that, though the *Vizier* had his own authority in full, *we* were *servants*, and could, therefore, not give advice if our opinions were contrary to our king's interests — said, however, that, as far as did not clash with our duty, we would be happy to do so, and therefore advised that the prisoners should be at once sent down; for if a delay took place, it would come within the declaration of Gen. Pollock, "that the business was off, if any delay took place;" however, as the Chief stated he agreed to the General's proposition, it might pass, if he wrote down "that he agreed to the proposition; but, as the Affghans considered the statement confused and a little doubtful, he sent a memorandum of what they

thought was the meaning, and begged, if it were correct, that the General would kindly inform him of it, by affixing his seal to such a writing." Under these circumstances, the General might not consider the stipulation broken; but, as it would virtually be so, we thought it *most* advisable for him at once to *send down the prisoners*, if he really wished to make terms. The Vizier said that he would not give up the prisoners without a written promise, and that the people were all determined to support him; that we must put it out of our thoughts that we could release the prisoners by force; that, as soon as he heard that our troops had reached Charbagh, he would send the ladies, &c. off to Toorkistan, and fight here so long as he could; and that, if obliged to flee, he would take care not one of the prisoners should return to the English, for he would scatter them by twos and threes through Toorkistan with all the chiefs.

C. No. 3.

PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS, No. 460.

Major-Gen. Pollock to Mr. Maddock.

Jellalabad, August 6. 1842.

SIR, — * * * I take this opportunity of stating that it is my opinion that Mahomed Akbar's chief object in desiring me to give a sealed paper, specifying that I will withdraw all troops from Affghanistan, is to strengthen himself by the publication of such a document at Cabul, the effect of which would be to thoroughly dishearten such chiefs as look to our assistance for the means of freeing themselves from his tyranny. Were I to say that I should leave this valley in October, the reply would be that the prisoners would be sent then; but such a promise would so strengthen Mahomed Akbar, that I think it probable that he, when the time arrived, finding that our advance on Cabul was impossible for the next seven months, might be tempted to procrastinate, under the idea that we had determined to withdraw our troops, and that, after our departure, he might obtain a large sum as ransom for the prisoners. Apart from this, it is impossible for me to pledge myself to withdraw on a certain date; and I, of course, could not take upon myself to issue any order to General Nott.

The advance of a brigade to Futteeabad will tend to alarm Mahomed Akbar, and make him the more anxious to induce us to quit the country. Capt. Troup has expressed a doubt on this subject, and fears that this step may induce Mahomed Akbar to send the prisoners to Toorkistan; but I cannot think this will occur, as I have reason to suppose there is a strong party at Cabul, which has determined not to allow the removal of our prisoners; and I also believe that the Wallee of Khooloom has written refusing to receive Mahomed Akbar if accompanied by the prisoners.

I have, &c.

G. POLLOCK.

D.

The following account by LIEUT. CRAWFORD, of the 3d Bombay N. I., of the loss of Ghuznee, and the imprisonment of himself and his brother officers, is taken from the *Bombay Courier*. — EDITOR.

"In my letter of the 8th instant, I promised that at my earliest convenience I would send you a full, true, and particular account of all my adventures during the past year, and I now take up my pen to fulfil my promise, and, without further preamble, commence my narrative at once from the period of my quitting Candahar.

"I left that city on the 30th October last year, having under my charge three state prisoners and seven hostages to be escorted to Cabool; and, for the safeguard of the same, I was accompanied by a troop from my own corps, and about forty Affghan horse under a chief called Guddoo Khan. It was on the 7th November we reached Oha; we had marched rapidly, but in perfect peace, and as little expected to be attacked on the road as I do at this moment. You may imagine, therefore, how thunderstruck I was, when Guddoo Khan entered my tent, bringing with him a native official of that part of the country, styled the Urz Beggie, who gave me an account of the disasters in Cabool on the second of the month, and, as I afterwards found, bad as matters really were at the capital, he made them out to be much more so. He strongly pressed my returning to Khelat-i-Ghilzie, saying that there were 20,000 men round Ghuznee, and to go on would be to certain death. I considered, however, it would never do for an officer to turn back

on a mere rumour of danger, and that, should the man's story really be true, still I had a better chance of reaching Ghuznee, which was only fifty-four miles off, than Khelat, which was ninety. Tired though my horses were, they might make Ghuznee in one forced march, but they would not be able to get to the other station under a couple of days; the road lay through the barren and hostile country of the Ghiljies, and, as I subsequently discovered, it proved that Urz Beggie was a traitor; he wished to get me back through the Ghiljie districts, as he himself was a man of that tribe, and would have raised the whole country about my ears; not a man of us would have escaped to tell the tale. After duly considering all the pros and cons of the case, I mounted my detachment at 8 P. M. and moved on toward Ghuznee. We marched rapidly the whole night, and by daylight had reached Nanee, about thirteen miles from Ghuznee; but the first streak of dawn showed us that the people were on the alert; there were videttes on every hill; and in a very short time word was passed from fort to fort, and their inhabitants turned out, hanging on my flanks and rear, and firing with their rifles at us. Their horsemen were bolder; they swarmed round us like wasps, riding up, firing their pieces into our troop, and galloping off to re-load. We were nearly helpless against such a foe; twice we charged and cut up a few, but the rascals always sought shelter near the numerous forts that covered the plain, and then laughed at us. In addition to not being able to catch the villains, we found that every time we charged or halted to show a front, it only gave the enemy time to circle round our flanks and head us; and their

footmen also came up from the rear. Accordingly we left the high road altogether, and turned out into the plain, where the foot would scarcely dare to follow us; and indeed by proceeding at the trot we pretty well shook off these gentry, but the horsemen still followed; and, to add to our troubles, I found that the ponies, on which the prisoners were mounted, were exhausted, and could proceed no further. As they knocked up, I doubled the riders on the other animals; but, one after another, they gave in. One prisoner was cut down by a horseman of the enemy (plainly showing there was no collusion between them); two others rolled over in a ditch, where, with their horse a-top of them, and their legs chained under his belly, I left them; indeed, I now found it was impossible I could ever get my charge into Ghuznee alive, and I had only to decide on putting them to death or setting them at liberty. My instructions would have justified my pursuing the former course, but the poor wretches had clearly made no attempt to escape; they were in no manner answerable for the attack made on my party, as was evident from one of their number falling by the sword of our adversaries; and I conceived then, and do now conceive, that, in letting these men go with their lives, I was not only acting according to the strict letter of my instructions, but that justice and humanity required I should not slay them in cold blood. Had I put them to death, then Shumsoodeen or Mahomed Akbar would have been equally justified in taking our lives (the lives of all their prisoners) on the advance of Pollock and Nott on Cabul. I may add, that the court of inquiry, which I called for, after investigating all the circumstances, decided that

I had acted perfectly right. But to return to my story. After following and harassing us for miles, the enemy drew off when we got near Ghuznee, and I reached that place about 10 A. M. on the 8th, with the loss of all my baggage and prisoners, and fifteen men and twenty horses killed, and several wounded, out of my little party. Every day now brought us bad accounts from Cabul; and the infatuation, that appears to have seized the chief authorities there, not only hurried them on to ruin at the capital, but also paralysed us at Ghuznee. Can you imagine that the necessary repairs and alterations in the citadel were not sanctioned, nor was Palmer permitted to lay in provisions? At the eleventh hour, the Colonel took the responsibility upon himself, and set to work; but most invaluable time had been suffered to pass unimproved, and, when the enemy made their appearance under our walls, they found us but ill prepared for a siege, especially when it was not man alone we had to combat with, but the rigours of a winter as intense as that of Canada. The enemy and the snow made their appearance together: on the 20th of November the town was surrounded with the one, and the ground covered with the other; but in a week afterwards the insurgents broke up their investment of the place, on report of M'Laren's brigade advancing to our relief. This permitted our destroying the villages and buildings within musket shot of the walls, and also afforded us a week's skating on the ditch; but on the 7th of December the enemy returned in increased numbers, and we were then closely confined to the walls. The necessity and advantage of turning the inhabitants out of the town was not lost sight of; but, unfortu-

nately for us, an idea had got abroad that the townspeople were strongly attached to us, and that the sending out so many poor people to perish in the snow was an act of cruelty too great to be dreamt of. The consequence was, that the townsmen entered into a correspondence with their countrymen on the outside; and on the night of the 16th of December, having dug a hole through the town, they admitted their friends, who poured in by thousands, and compelled us, after fighting all that night and the next day, to retire into the citadel. It so happened that from this day the winter set in with increased severity, and its effects soon told fearfully upon the men. The whole garrison, officers and men, were told off into three watches, one of which was constantly on duty; so that every one in the place was eight hours on duty out of the twenty-four, and you may imagine that such constant work and exposure to the intense cold very soon rendered the sepoys useless. The snow lay deep, very deep, and often in the course of a single night would fall to the depth of a couple of feet! The thermometer sunk to *ten, twelve, and even fourteen degrees below* zero! and to such weather were the natives of India exposed day and night, with no prospect of relief, and with no comforts to enable them to support their sufferings! We were reduced to half rations of bad flour and raw grain on alternate days, and a seer of wood per man each day was all that could be allowed either for cooking or warmth. The sepoys, constantly soaked and unable to dry themselves, got sickly, and the hospital was crowded with men, whose feet had ulcerated from frost bites. I do think, that if the enemy had had pluck enough to have made

a rush upon us, they could at any time, after Christmas-day, have carried the works with very little difficulty; as it was, however, they contented themselves with keeping up a smart fire with their rifles, and not a man could show his head above the walls for a moment. Up to the 15th of January this work continued, and we lost three or four men daily from the fire of their marksmen; but on the day mentioned some sort of a truce was entered into, and active hostilities ceased, it being understood we were to evacuate the place on the arrival of Shumsoodeen Khan. This worthy did not arrive till the middle of the following month, and even then the Colonel managed to keep him in play till the beginning of March; but at last he and his chiefs would stand it no longer, and said that, if we did not give up the place immediately, they would recommence hostilities; and we, being utterly helpless, having no water in the citadel, and the snow (on which we had depended for a supply) having all vanished, our provisions being exhausted, and there being no prospect of the arrival of succour, had no resource but to make the best terms we could, and trust to Providence that the enemy would abide by them. On the 6th of March we marched out from the citadel, under a treaty signed and solemnly sworn to by all the chiefs, that we should be escorted in safety and honour to Peshawur, with our colours, arms, and baggage, and fifty rounds of ammunition per man. There was still some snow in the passes between Ghuznee and Cabul; and till that should melt, and the necessary carriage could be procured for us, we were quartered in a portion of the town immediately below the citadel. Scarcely had we entered our new

abode, when our enemies flung off the mask, and showed how much they valued oaths made to infidels. At noon on the 7th, whilst nearly every man of ours was cooking, and we were totally unprepared for an outbreak, the Ghazees rushed upon our lines, and succeeded in carrying the houses in which my squadron had been placed. I was in the next house, with Burnett of the 54th, and Nicholson of the 27th, there being no decent room for me in my own proper quarters. On hearing the uproar, I ran to the roof to see what was the matter; and finding what had taken place among my men, and that balls were flying thick, I called up Burnett. He had scarcely joined me, when he was struck down by a rifle ball, which knocked his eye out; and, as he was then rendered *hors de combat*, I assumed command of the two companies of the 27th that had been under him, and Nicholson and myself proceeded to defend ourselves as well as circumstances would permit. We were on the left of the mass of houses occupied by our troops, and the first and sharpest attacks were directed at us: the enemy fired our house, and gradually, as room after room caught fire, we were forced to retreat to the others, till at last by midnight of the 9th our house was nearly burnt in halves. We were exhausted with hunger and thirst, having had nothing to eat or drink since the morning of the 7th. Our ammunition was expended, the place was filled with dead and dying men, and our position was no longer tenable; but the only entrance, in front of the house, was surrounded by the enemy, and we scarcely knew how to get out, and endeavour to join Col. Palmer. At last we dug a hole through the wall of the back of the house: we

had only bayonets to work with, and it cost us much labour to make a hole sufficiently large to admit of one man at a time dropping from it into the street below; but we were fortunate enough to get clear out of our ruined quarters in this way, and join the Colonel unperceived by the savages round us. As soon as day broke on the 9th, they occupied our abandoned post, and shortly afterwards attacked and carried the next house, in which were poor Lumsden and his wife, and thirty sepoys, every one of whom, and their servants, were put to death. On the morning of the 10th, Poett and Davis were obliged to retire from their posts, and the survivors here now assembled in the two houses, held by Col. Palmer and the head-quarters of the corps. You cannot picture to yourself the scene these two houses presented; every room was crammed, not only with sepoys, but camp followers, men, women, and children; and it is astonishing the slaughter among them was not greater, seeing that the guns of the citadel sent round-shot crashing through and through the walls. I saw high-caste men groping in the mud, endeavouring to discover pieces of unmelted ice, that, by sucking them, they might relieve the thirst that tormented them! Certainly, when that morning dawned, I thought it was the last I should see on this earth; and so did we all, and proceeded to make a few little arrangements, ere the final attack on us took place. The regimental colours were burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and I destroyed my watch, and flung it, and what money I had, over the wall into the ditch. I also burnt my poor wife's miniature, first cramming the gold frame of it into a musket, being determined that one

of the Ghazees should have his belly full of gold ere I died. Hour after hour passed on, and still we sat expecting every minute to hear the shout of the final attack; but it came not. From our loopholes we saw the enemy swarming all around us in every lane and house, and on the hill of the citadel. The place was black with their masses; and, as they themselves afterwards told us, there were not less than 10,000 men there thirsting for our blood. But it appears that Shumsoodeen had been affected with some qualms of conscience, and had held a council of his chiefs on the subject of admitting us to quarter. I should tell you that during the three previous days' fighting, Shumsoodeen had repeatedly offered us terms, but they were such as we could not accede to; inasmuch as they commenced by desiring we would surrender ourselves to him, and abandon the sepoys to the fury of the Ghazees. The sepoys, it appears, had held a consultation among themselves, and, believing they had no chance of their lives, determined on forcing their way out of the town, and endeavouring to get to Peshawur. When we first heard of this mad design, and spoke to the men about it, they denied it; but on the 10th two native officers came forward, and told us they had made up their minds to go off that night; that, if we chose to accompany them, they would be exceedingly glad, but if otherwise, they would go alone. It was in vain we pointed out the utter impracticability of their plan; they had got an idea among them, that Peshawur was not above fifty or sixty miles off across country, and that there was a short cut to it, through the mountains: they immediately commenced digging a hole through the outer wall of the town, by which,

as soon as it got dark, they might march out into the country.

Seeing that our men had now flung off all authority, and were about to desert us, we had nothing further to do but to make the best bargain we could for our lives. Shumsoodeen and all the Ghazee chiefs again swore by all that was holy, that if we laid down our arms we should be honourably treated, and sent to Cabul to the Shah as soon as possible. At 10 P. M. we surrendered. The chief sent and begged the officers to come into the citadel immediately, as the Ghazees were yelling for the blood of the Feringee Kaffirs, and he could not answer for our safety, if we delayed till daylight; and accordingly we went up to the citadel and gave up our swords, the chief placing bodies of his men round our late quarters, to keep the Ghazees from molesting the sepoys. A large party of these latter, however, during the night, endeavoured to put their ridiculous plan of flight into execution, and made their way about two or three miles from the town: it came on to snow heavily; they got bewildered in the fields, and in the morning were all cut to pieces or made prisoners. For the first few days after we had surrendered, we were treated pretty tolerably; the chief and his brother used to visit and condole with us on the change of fortune we had experienced, and expressed their sorrow at the violence of their fanatical followers not having permitted their strict observance of the treaty, on which we had yielded up the citadel to them; but gradually they discontinued their visits; every little thing we had managed to secure, such as watches, penknives, money, &c., was taken from us, and we were strictly confined to a small

room eighteen feet by thirteen. In it there were ten of us, so you may imagine we had not much room to spare; indeed, when we lay down at night we exactly occupied the whole floor, and when we wanted to take a little exercise we were obliged to walk up and down (six paces) in turns. Few of us had a change of linen, and the consequence was we were soon swarming with vermin, the catching of which afforded an hour's employment every morning. I wore my solitary shirt for five weeks, till it became literally black and rotten; and I am really surprised none of us contracted any loathsome disease, from the state of filth we were compelled to live in. On the 7th April we heard of Shah Soojah's murder, and from that date the severities of our confinement were redoubled; they shut and darkened the solitary window from which we had hitherto derived light and air; and they also kept the door of our room constantly closed, so that the air we breathed became perfectly pestiferous. On the 21st of the month they tortured Col. Palmer with a tent-peg and rope, in such a manner that it is wonderful he ever recovered the use of his foot. I cannot, in a letter, explain the process of the torture, but we all witnessed it, and it was something on the principle of the Scotch boot described in "Old Mortality." We were told we should each be tortured in our turn, unless we gave up four lacs of rupees, which the rascals swore we had buried; and, in case we continued obstinate, they told us we should be blown from guns, beginning with the junior. This was a pleasant sort of a life to lead, never being certain of that life for twenty-four hours together. I think a little similar experience would do some of the newspaper editors a deal of good, and render them not quite so prone to lavish their criticisms on the conduct of unfortunates like ourselves. They sit under their punkahs, drink lall shrub, and write leading articles, laying down the law and talking as familiarly on military matters "as maids" do "of puppy dogs," — the self-elected, self-constituted judges of mankind. In the end of April, our guards suddenly became particularly civil to us for a few days, and we found out they had a report of the advance of our troops: indeed, on to the period of our actual release, we could always form a pretty shrewd guess of what our troops were about by the treatment we experienced at the hands of our captors: if there was any forward movement among our people, any arrival of reinforcements at Jellalabad or Candahar, &c., then we were treated well for a few days, and we got better food; but if our people appeared to be idle, and things remained in *statu quo* for a week, then our guards taunted us on the unwarlike spirit of Feringee armies, and boasted how they would exterminate them, if they advanced. Gool Mahomed Khan, the brother of Shumshoodeen, who had always behaved more civilly towards us than the big chief, was, unfortunately for us, despatched to Cabul on business about the middle of April; but I believe it was owing to the receipt of a letter from him, that on the 12th May we were permitted to quit our prison room, and walk on the terrace of the citadel for *one hour*, and we were told that similar kindness would be shown us *once a week!!!* — namely, on Friday, when Shumshoodeen was wont to make a kind of religious nic nic to a neighbouring shrine. Even this we thought a great blessing, and used to count the

days and hours to each succeeding Friday, anxiously expecting the moment when our guard would tell us we might breathe God's fresh air, and look out on the green fields for the allotted period. I thought I had always been an admirer of the beauties of nature, but I had never imagined that the time would have come, when the sight of a few ordinary fields of clover and wheat would have caused me such delight in their contemplation!

On the 15th of June, Gool Mahomed returned from Cabul, bringing with him some of the ladies of his brother's family. On their account we were told we should be removed to other quarters, and of course we expected a change for the worse; but, as it eventually proved, we were agreeably disappointed. Just at this period one of our number, Lieut. Davies, 27th N. I., had sickened with typhus fever; we had no medicines, no comforts for him, and he lay on the ground delirious, raving about home and his family, and every hour proving worse, till, on the 19th, death put an end to his sufferings. We read the burial service over him, and then made his body over to the guard to bury; but I am afraid they merely flung the poor fellow into a ditch outside the gate. It was a melancholy ceremony that burial service: few among us, I imagine, but thought it might be his turn next, especially now that sickness had broken out in such a shape; however, on the following day, we were removed to another building, where we had three or four rooms to ourselves, and a court-yard to walk about in, and our guard was replaced by a more civil set. This was a delightful change; and being greedy of fresh air after so long a deprivation of it, we made the

most of our new berth by always sleeping in the open air in the court-yard. It is true, it was utterly impossible to get a minute's rest in any of the rooms allotted to us, as they were swarming with the foulest vermin, so we thought it no hardship to have the stars for a canopy, and for three months we never slept under a roof, or with any other covering beyond our sheepskin cloaks. From this date the conduct of Shumshoodeen towards us improved greatly; he came to see us frequently, and chatted in a kind manner, always telling us we should shortly be set at liberty in exchange for Dost Mahomed, who was returning to Cabul, having been freed by our Government. This gave us renewed hopes of soon again becoming free agents; and, as our circumstances were improved, and our guards more friendly toward us, our captivity was more easily borne; but still as time wore on, and nothing definite was learnt regarding our release, we again began to despair, especially when the middle of August arrived, and we seemed as far as ever from the attainment of our wishes. It was on the 19th of August we had, as usual, wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, and taken lodgings on the cold ground for the night, when the chief suddenly entered the yard, and told us we were to march immediately for Cabul; and, sure enough, in half an hour afterwards we found ourselves slung in pairs in kujawurs, on each side of camels, and moving towards the capital. How delighted we were to bid adieu to the walls of Ghuznee! I do believe, if we had known we were going to execution, the change would nevertheless have gladdened us. We reached Cabul in three days, without meeting any adventure on the road; but we were abused most

grossly by the populace as we proceeded through the streets of the city: fortunately it was in the dusk of the evening, and but few people witnessed our arrival; otherwise they might not have confined their ill treatment to words. We were taken direct to Mahomed Akbar's quarters in the Bala Hissar, and from him we met with the kindest reception. I could not bring myself to believe that the stout, good-humoured, open-hearted-looking young man, who was making such kind inquiries after our health, and how we had borne the fatigues of the journey, could be the murderer of M'Naghten, and the leader of the massacre of our troops. He told us we had come most unexpectedly; that, though he had written repeatedly to have us sent to him (as he had heard we were ill treated by Shumshoodeen), yet no attention had been paid to his orders; and now that we had come, it was without any intimation of our approach: he bade us be of good cheer, as our future comfort would be his care, and we should find ourselves treated like officers and gentlemen. After many similarly civil speeches, he ordered dinner, and sent for Troup and Pottinger to see us. When they arrived, the whole of us, Mahomed Akbar, his chiefs, and ourselves, all sat down to the best meal I had had for many a month. The Wuzeer (as he always styled himself) chatted and joked away on indifferent subjects during the meal, and shortly after its conclusion dismissed us, saying he would make us over to the care of Pottinger and Troup for the night, and we might go and have a chat with them in private, as doubtless we were anxious to do so. On the following morning the *arch fiend* sent us an excellent breakfast, and horses to carry us out a

few miles to the fort where the other British prisoners were living, and he desired a list of our wants regarding clothes, &c. might be made out, and they should be furnished. We found our countrymen living in what appeared to us a small paradise; they had comfortable quarters, servants, money, and no little baggage, and a beautiful garden to walk about in. To our great regret, we had only been four or five days in this Elysium, when we were sent off to Bameean. Being thus away from the immediate care of Mahomed Akbar, we soon found ourselves called on to rough it once more. Tents had been sent for the use of the ladies, but our guards would only pitch them when it suited their convenience, and consequently the poor women and children had frequently to bivouac with us men, and that, too, in the nipping night air of the mountains; none of them, however, I am happy to say, suffered in the least, and they one and all bore their privations most admirably. I see that Johnson and one or two others have already given very good accounts in the public prints of our doings at Bameean, and our return from thence to the blessings of freedom, so I will not inflict a second edition of the tale upon you. The public papers will also, long ere this reaches you, have given you some information about our doings at Istaliff, and our retrogade march from Cabul, during which there was a good deal more fighting than on the advance."

E.

Letter from Mohun Lal.

(From the Calcutta Englishman.)

Having been favoured with the perusal of a late letter from Mohun Lal to a friend in Calcutta, and been permitted to give the substance of it to the public, we have decided that it will do best in the writer's own language, as he expresses himself with perfect clearness and intelligibility in English, though not with very idiomatic correctness. His summary account of the events from the 2d of November 1841 down to the liberation of the prisoners, cannot be expected to contain much that is actually new to our readers; but still it is both interesting and historically valuable. Mohun Lal's brief and unassuming account of his own exertions, intrepidity, risks, and sufferings, is very little calculated to do him full justice; but his great merits are well known to, and will be amply appreciated and rewarded by, the Government of India. But now let Mohun Lal speak:—

"Since the year of 1838, I have been in regular correspondence with my patron, Mr. Trevelyan, in London, and had repeatedly written to him, that if we do not rectify our conduct in the policy of Affghanistan, we will excite the whole country against us. These communications I believe have always been shown to the chairman of the Court of Directors, and it is great pity *notwithstanding the late lamented Sir William M'Naghten and Sir Alexander Burnes were aware of the impending dangers which threatened the*

British authority, but they never took steps either to prepare to meet the evils or to conciliate the chiefs. Their pay was reduced, and the manner of our proceedings had convinced them that they shall be all banished. In October last the chiefs entered into the solemn agreement with each other, and thus the Eastern Ghiljies stood up against our arms. General Sale bravely defeated the enemy, and forced his road through the different passes down to Jellalabad. While these discontented chiefs were intriguing, we bore every thing silently till the fatal day of the 2d of November arrived, and the houses of Sir Alexander Burnes and myself were surrounded by the rebels. They were not accompanied with more than fifty men, but not a battalion was sent to our protection. After poor Sir Alexander Burnes was murdered and his house set on fire, I made a hole through the neighbouring house and was nearly cut to pieces, had I not been protected by the good-natured Nuwab Mohammed Zeman Khan, and kept secretly a whole day in his house. All my property saved during the last twelve years was plundered, one of my servants murdered, and the house destroyed. For three days not many people had assembled under the flag of the rebels, and the Persians were not joined the enemy.

"From the house of Nuwab Mohammed Zeman Khan, I was conducted by our old friend Nayab Mahmed Sherif Khan to the house of the Persian chief, named Khan Shereen Khan, where I lived most clandestinely. Agreeably to the request of the late Envoy, I was daily in correspondence with him, and discharged my duties at the risk of my life. Nayab Shereef was employed by the Envoy and myself in

several negotiations with the Ghiljies and the Persians. Every thing bid fair of our success formerly, and notwithstanding the Ghiljie, Cabulee, Kohistanee, and the Persian chiefs made solemn oaths with us, wrote the agreements on the Holy Koran to take our cause, received abundant money from us, but every body cheated us like a devil. Khan Shereen, the Persian chief, promised to give every assistance, which he never did. In short, every one of us was deceived.

"Mahomed Akbar Khan opened the negotiation with the Envoy, and promised to be useful to us, if we were to appoint him as a minister in Affghanistan; but I always cautioned the Envoy against Akbar, though I wrote him at the request of Nayab Shereef on part of Mahomed Shah Khan, that the latter will persuade Akbar to attach himself to the British Government. On the 23d of December, about 6 A. M., *wrote to the Envoy not to meet Akbar so often, as he will catch and bring him into the city; but that gentleman, considering the treacherous Akbar as honest as himself, trusted him in every thing, while he became a victim to the pistol of that villain.*

"Before the departure of General Elphinstone's force from Cabul, I wrote to Major Pottinger, that if any of us were to move from the cantonment, he will either be murdered or taken prisoner by Akbar; and so it happened: all the force was destroyed, the ladies and the officers taken prisoners. I was brought again by a friend in the house of Khan Shereen Khan, where I lived all the time corresponding with General Pollock, and was a channel of his communications with the Prince Futeh Jung and the chiefs, under a very great personal risk.

"When Mahomed Akbar gained an ascendancy, *I was caught, closely confined, ill-treated, bastinadoed, threatened to be murdered, and forced to raise and pay him the money.* While I was under such suffering, I neither left writing to Gen. Pollock nor relaxed in my exertions to cause the liberty of the prisoners. *Finding that my endeavours to induce the chiefs in the city, as well as the letters of Gen. Pollock to their address, availed nothing in behalf of the prisoners,* I took the most dangerous step with the full belief either to lose my life or gain my object. *To effect this cause I supplicated, and asked Mahomed Akbar Khan to allow me to remain in the house near himself, under the pretence that my visiting him occasionally will show his kindness to me in future.* It was agreed, and I was placed under a guard as before, but not sent out of the city; after this I sent for my acquaintance Moortza Shah in the confinement, on the pretence of selling some cloth to me, and told him if he goes to Bameean and speak to Saleh Mahomed on my part to restore the prisoners, I shall give the latter a reward of 20,000 rupees, and to himself of 5000, and besides this they will have some pension from Government for life. Saleh Mahomed was an officer of infantry under Mahomed Akbar, and then proceeding with our prisoners to Toorkistan. Moortza Shah reached Bameean, and Saleh Mahomed happily accepted my offers. In the mean time I stole my escape from confinement, and induced the Persian chiefs to desert Mahomed Akbar Khan. I was joined with about 2000 horsemen in the Afshar Fort; and as soon as Mahomed Akbar was defeated by General Pollock, I forced a party of them to go and meet the prisoners,

who, in charge of Saleh Mahomed and my agent Moortza Shah, were returning from Bameean. Sir R. Shakespear also accompanied this party.

"If I would fear [had feared for] my life, there was not a single man to send intelligence to Government at such a crisis; and it is the most wonderful thing that I managed the despatch of letters so regularly and safely, that none of them was ever intercepted by the enemy, while the roads to Jellalabad were watched on every step. If I were not to run the personal risk while *myself in confinement*, and not induce Saleh Mahomed to restore our prisoners, they would never be released until we were to meet the wishes of Mahomed Akbar Khan, and would by this time be wandering and suffering on the deserts of Toorkistan. If Government take these my humble services into their just, impartial, and favourable view, I hope I shall be highly rewarded, because I have saved the British name, which, if the English ladies and officers were taken into Toorkistan, would deeply suffer. I have not only done this, but spent not the fourth of the money which was offered by General Pollock for recovering the prisoners, and thus saved the Company's cash. I am very proud indeed of what I have done."

F.

Letter from the released Prisoners to Sir Richard Shakespear, and his Reply.

Sir Richard Shakespear, Military Secretary, &c.

Dear Sir, — Rescued as we have so lately been from a state of prolonged and cheerless captivity, which threatened soon to terminate in hopeless slavery, in a land where the laws of humanity are unknown or unacknowledged; restored by a wonderful interposition of Providence to country, friends, and all that renders life desirable; it would ill become us, in the midst of our rejoicings, to forget those friends, through whose agency this happy change in our prospects has been effected.

To you we are bound to express our heartfelt thanks, for the promptitude, with which you led a body of Kuzzilbash horsemen to our assistance at a most critical period, to whose timely arrival amongst us at Kaloo it may be chiefly attributed that our flight from Bameean was not intercepted.

To thank you adequately in words for so signal a service would be impossible, but we trust you will accept of this, as a token of the gratitude we feel, and, with every good wish for your happiness and prosperity, we subscribe ourselves,

Yours very faithfully,

Fanny Macnaghten,	A. Waller,
Florentia Sale,	R. Waller,
Alexandrina Sturt,	G. Mein,
Jean Boyd,	Emily Eyre,
F. Boyd,	Vincent Eyre,

C. Mackenzie,	J. Nicholson,
Eldred Pottinger,	— Airey,
Edward Webb,	— Souter,
B. Melville,	John Shelton,
Georgiana Mainwaring,	— Evans,
H. Johnson,	T. P. Walsh,
G. St. P. Lawrence,	R. Warburton,
C. Harris,	H. Drummond,
C. Griffiths,	R. L. Burnett,
T. Palmer,	H. M. Williams,
J. S. Alston,	A. Crawford,
T. Thomson,	— Haughton.
J. M'Grath,	

Camp Cabul, Sept. 24. 1842.

ANSWER.

To Lady Macnaghten, Lady Sale, &c.
General Shelton and Major Pottinger.

DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I was this morning greatly gratified by receiving a very kind and flattering letter, signed by the ladies and officers, who were lately prisoners at Bameean, and I hasten to request that you will express to them my sincere thanks for the very handsome terms, in which they have spoken of my poor services.

I shall ever consider it one of the happiest events of my life, that I should have had the good fortune to have been in any way instrumental in effecting your escape from Affghanistan.

I remain, dear Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
R. C. SHAKESPEAR.

Camp Jellalabad, Oct. 26. 1842.

G.

LIST OF CIVIL AND MILITARY OFFICERS KILLED DURING THE REBELLION, AT AND NEAR CABUL,

Between 12*th October* 1841, *and* 6*th January* 1842, *the day of leaving Cabul.*

Political.			
Sir W. H. Macnaghten, Bart.	Murdered at a conference on		23d Dec.
Sir Alexander Burnes	Ditto in his own house in the city on	- -	2d Nov.
Capt. Broadfoot, 1st Eng. Regt.	Ditto in Sir A. B.'s house in the city on	- -	2d "
Lieut. Burnes, Bombay Infty.	Ditto in Sir A. B.'s house in the city on	- -	2d "
Lieut. Rattray - -	Ditto at a conference at Lughmanee in Kohistan	-	3d "
H. M. 44*th.*			
Lieut. Col. Mackrell - -	Killed in action at Cabul	-	10th Nov.
Capt. Swayne - -	Ditto	Ditto -	4th "
Capt. M'Crea - -	Ditto	Ditto -	10th "
Capt. Robinson - -	Ditto	Ditto -	4th "
Lieut. Raban - -	Ditto	Ditto -	6th "
5th N. I.			
Lieut. Col. Oliver - -	Ditto	Ditto -	23d Nov.
Capt. Mackintosh - -	Ditto	Ditto -	23d "
37th N. I.			
Capt. Westmacott - -	Ditto	Ditto -	10th Nov.
Ensign Gordon - -	Ditto	Ditto -	4th "
35th N. I.			
Lieut. Jenkins - -	Ditto at Khoord-Cabul	-	12th Oct.
Capt. Wyndham - -	Ditto at Jugdulluk	-	12th "
H. M. 13*th Light Infantry.*			
Lieut. King - - -	Killed at Tezeen	-	12th Oct.
Local Horse.			
Capt. Walker, 1st N. I. -	Ditto at Cabul -	-	23d Nov.

27th N. I.

Lieut. Laing - -	Killed at Cabul	- 23d Nov.

Shah's Service.

Capt. Woodburn, 44th N. I. -	Ditto Ditto	- 23d Nov.
Capt. Codrington, 49th N. I. -	Ditto at Chareeker	- 23d "
Ensign Salisbury, 1st V. Regt.	Ditto Ditto	- 23d "
Ensign Rose, 54th N. I. -	Ditto Ditto	- 23d "
Doctor Grant, Bombay Estab. -	Ditto Ditto	- 23d "
Lieut. Maule, Artillery -	Ditto in his camp at Kahdarrah -	- 3d "
Capt. Trevor, 3d Light Cav. -	Ditto at a conference	- 23d Dec.
Local Lieut. Wheeler -	Ditto in his camp at Kahdarrah -	- 3d Nov.

From 6th January up to the 12th January 1842 inclusive on the retreat.

Staff.

Dr. Duff, Superin.-Surgeon -	Killed between Tezeen and Seh Baba -	- 10th Jan.
Capt. Skinner, 61st N. I. -	Ditto at Jugdulluk	- 12th "
Capt. Paton *, 58th N. I. -	Ditto Khoord-Cabul pass	8th "
Lieut. Sturt *, Engineers -	Ditto Ditto	- 8th "

Horse Artillery.

Dr. Bryce - - -	Ditto on march to Tezeen	10th Jan.

5th Light Cavalry.

Lieut. Hardyman - -	Ditto outside the cantonment -	- 6th Jan.

H. M. 44th.

Major Scott - - -	Ditto on march to Tezeen	10th Jan.
Capt. Leighton - -	Ditto Ditto	- 10th "
Lieut. White - -	Ditto Junga Fareekee	- 10th "
Lieut. Fortye * - -	Ditto Jugdulluk	- 10th "

5th N. I.

Major Swayne * - -	Killed at Junga Fareekee	- 10th Jan.
Capt. Miles - - -	Ditto Ditto	- 10th "
Lieut. Deas * - -	Ditto Ditto	- 10th "
Lieut. Alexander - -	Ditto Ditto	- 10th "
Lieut. Warren - -	Ditto Ditto	- 10th "

* These officers had been previously wounded at Cabul. Captain Paton's left arm had been amputated.

54th N. I.

Major Ewart - -	Killed on march to Tezeen	10th Jan.
Capt. Shaw * - -	Ditto Ditto	- 10th "
Lieut. Kirby - -	Ditto Ditto	- 10th "

37th N. I.

Lieut. St. George - -	Ditto Khoord-Cabul pass	8th Jan.

H. M. 44th.

Lieut. Wade - -	Ditto Jugdulluk	- 12th Jan.

27th N. I.

Dr. Cardew * - -	Ditto Tezeen -	- 10th Jan.

After leaving Jugdulluk on the 12th to the final massacre.

Staff.

Major Thain* H. M. 21st Ft. A. D. C.	Jugdulluk Pass -	- 12th Jan.
Capt. Bellew, 56th N. I. -	Futtehabad -	- 13th "
Capt. Grant, 27th N. I. -	Gundamuk -	- 13th "
Capt. Mackay, Assist. P. M. † -	Doubtful.	

Horse Artillery.

Capt. Nicholl -	Jugdulluk Pass -	- 12th Jan.
Lieut. Stewart -	Gundamuk -	- 13th "

5th Light Cavalry.

Lieut.-Col. Chambers -	Jugdulluk Pass -	- 12th Jan.
Capt. Blair - -	Ditto -	- 12th ",
Capt. Bott - -	Ditto -	- 12th "
Capt. Hamilton -	Gundamuk -	- 13th "
Capt. Collyer -	near Jellalabad -	- 14th "
Lieut. Bazett - -	Jugdulluk Pass -	- 12th "
Dr. Harpur - -	near Jellalabad -	- 14th "
Veterinary Surgeon Willis	Doubtful.	

H. M. 44th.

Capt. Dodgin - -	Jugdulluk pass -	- 12th Jan.
Capt. Collins - -	Gundamuk -	- 13th "
Lieut. Hogg - -	Ditto - -	- 13th "
Lieut. Cumberland -	Ditto - -	- 13th "

* These officers had been previously wounded at Cabul.

† Capt. Mackay, Assist. P. M. Shah's Staff, being mentioned in the text twice (pp. 216. 220.), I insert his name thus. It is not in the original list. — EDITOR.

Lieut. Cadett	Soorkab	12th Jan.
Lieut. Swinton	Gundamuk	13th "
Ensign Gray	Doubtful.	
Paymaster Bourke	Jugdulluk	12th "
Qr.-Master Halahan*	Jugdulluk pass	12th "
Surgeon Harcourt	Ditto	12th "
Assist. Surgeon Balfour	Doubtful.	
Assist. Surgeon Primrose	Gundamuk	13th "
5th N. I.		
Capt. Haig	Doubtful.	
Lieut. Horsbrough	Gundamuk	13th Jan.
Lieut. Tombs	Doubtful.	
Ensign Potenger	Ditto.	
Lieut. Burkinyoung	Ditto.	
Dr. Metcalfe	Gundamuk	13th Jan.
37th N. I.		
Capt. Rind	Gundamuk	13th Jan.
Lieut. Steer	Jugdulluk pass	12th "
Lieut. Vanrenen	near Soorkab	12th "
Lieut. Hawtrey	Gundamuk	13th "
Lieut. Carlyon	Doubtful.	
54th N. I.		
Capt. Anstruther	Doubtful.	
Capt. Corrie	Ditto.	
Capt. Palmer	Ditto.	
Lieut. Weaver	Gundamuk	13th Jan.
Lieut. Cunningham	Ditto	13th "
Lieut. Pottinger	Neemla	13th "
Lieut. Morrison	Gundamuk	13th "
H. M. 13th Lt. Inf.		
Major Kershaw	Doubtful.	
Lieut. Hobhouse	Gundamuk	13th Jan.
Shah's Service.		
Brigadier Anquetil	Jugdulluk pass	12th Jan.
Capt. Hay, 35th N. I.	Gundamuk	13th "
Capt. Hopkins, 27th N. I.	near Jellalabad	13th "
Capt. Marshall, 61st N. I.	Jugdulluk pass	12th Jan.
Lieut. Le Geyt, Bombay Cav.	Neemla	13th "
Lieut. Green, Artillery	Gundamuk	13th "
Lieut. Bird, Madras Estab.	Futtehabad	13th "
Lieut. Macartney	Gundamuk	13th "

* This officer had been previously wounded at Cabul.

List of Officers saved of the Cabul Force.

In imprisonment in Affghanistan.

Political.		
Major Pottinger, C.B.	Wounded at Charekar on	6th Nov.
Capt. Lawrence.		
Capt. Mackenzie, Madras Estab.	Ditto in action at Cabul on	23d "
Staff.		
Major-Gen. Elphinstone, C.B.	Ditto on retreat at Jugdulluk (Died at Tezeen on April 23d.)	12th Jan.
Brigadier Shelton.		
Capt. Boyd, At. Cy. Gl.		
Lieut. Eyre, Arty. D. C. O.	Wounded in action at Cabul	22d Nov.
Horse Artillery.		
Lieut. Waller	Ditto Ditto	4th "
H. M. 44th.		
Capt. Souter	Ditto on retreat at Gundamuk	13th Jan.
H. M. 13th.		
Lieut. Mein	Ditto in action under Gen. Sale at Khoord-Cabul pass	Oct.
37th N. I.		
Major Griffiths	Ditto on retreat in Khoord-Cabul pass	8th Jan.
Dr. Magrath.		
Shah's Service.		
Capt. Troup	Ditto on retreat in Khoord-Cabul pass	8th "
Capt. Johnson.		
Capt. Anderson.		
Paymaster.		
Capt. Bygrave	The toes of one foot nipped off by frost on retreat.	
Mr. Ryley, conductor of Ordnance.		

54th N. I.

Lieut. Melville - - Wounded on retreat near Huft Kotul - - 10th Jan.

Shah's Service.

Dr. Brydon - - - Escaped to Jellalabad.

H.

List of Prisoners released on the arrival of Generals Pollock and Nott at Cabul in September 1842.

Major-Gen. Shelton, Her Majesty's 44th foot.
Lieut.-Col. Palmer*, 27th Bengal native infantry.
Major Griffiths, 37th Bengal native infantry.
Capt. Troup, Shah's service.
— Anderson, ditto.
— Bygrave, paymaster.
— Boyd, commissariat.
— Johnson, ditto S. S. F., 26th native infantry.
— Burnett, 54th native infantry.
— Souter, Her Majesty's 44th foot.
— Waller, Bengal horse artillery.
— Alston*, 27th native infantry.
— Poett*, ditto.
— Walsh, 52d Madras native infantry.
— Drummond, 3d Bengal light cavalry.
Lieut. Eyre, Bengal artillery.
— Airey, Her Majesty's 3d buffs.
— Warburton, Bengal artillery, S. S. F.
— Webb, 38th Madras native infantry, S. S. F.
— Crawford, Bengal 3d native infantry, S. S. F.
— Mein, Her Majesty's 13th light infantry.

* Those marked thus * were of the Ghuznee garrison.

Lieut. Harris*, 27th Bengal native infantry.
— Melville, 54th Bengal native infantry.
— Evans, Her Majesty's 44th foot.
Ensign Haughton, 31st Bengal native infantry.
— Williams, 37th Bengal native infantry.
— Nicholson, ditto.
Conductor Ryley, ordnance commissariat.
Doctor Campbell.
Surgeon Magrath.
Assistant-Surgeon Berwick, left in charge.
— Thomson.

Ladies.

Lady Macnaghten.
— Sale.
Mrs. Trevor, 8 children.
— Anderson, 3 ditto.
— Sturt and 1 child.
— Mainwaring, ditto.
— Boyd, 3 children.
— Eyre, 1 child.
— Waller, 2 children.
Conductor Ryley's wife, Mrs. Ryley, 3 children.
Private Bourne's (13th light infantry) wife, Mrs. Bourne.
Mrs. Wade, wife of Sergeant Wade.

Major Pottinger, Bombay artillery.
Captain Lawrence, 11th light cavalry.
— Mackenzie, 48th Madras native infantry.
Mr. Fallon, clerk } not in the service.
— Blewitt, do. }

Her Majesty's 44th Foot.

Sergeant Wedlock.
— Weir.
— Fair.
Corporal Sumpter.
Corporal Bevan.
Drummer Higgins.
— Lovell.
— Branagan.

Private Burns.	Private Tongue.
— Cresham.	— Wilson.
— Cronin.	— Durant.
— Driscoll.	— Arch.
— Deroney.	— Stott.
— Duffy.	— Moore.
— Matthews.	— Miller.
— M'Dade.	— Murphy.
— Marron.	— Marshall.
— M'Carthy.	— Cox.
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Sergeant M'Nee.	Gunner Dalton.
— Cleland.	Sergeant Wade, baggage-sergeant to the Cabul mission.
Gunner A. Hearn.	
— Keane.	

THE END.

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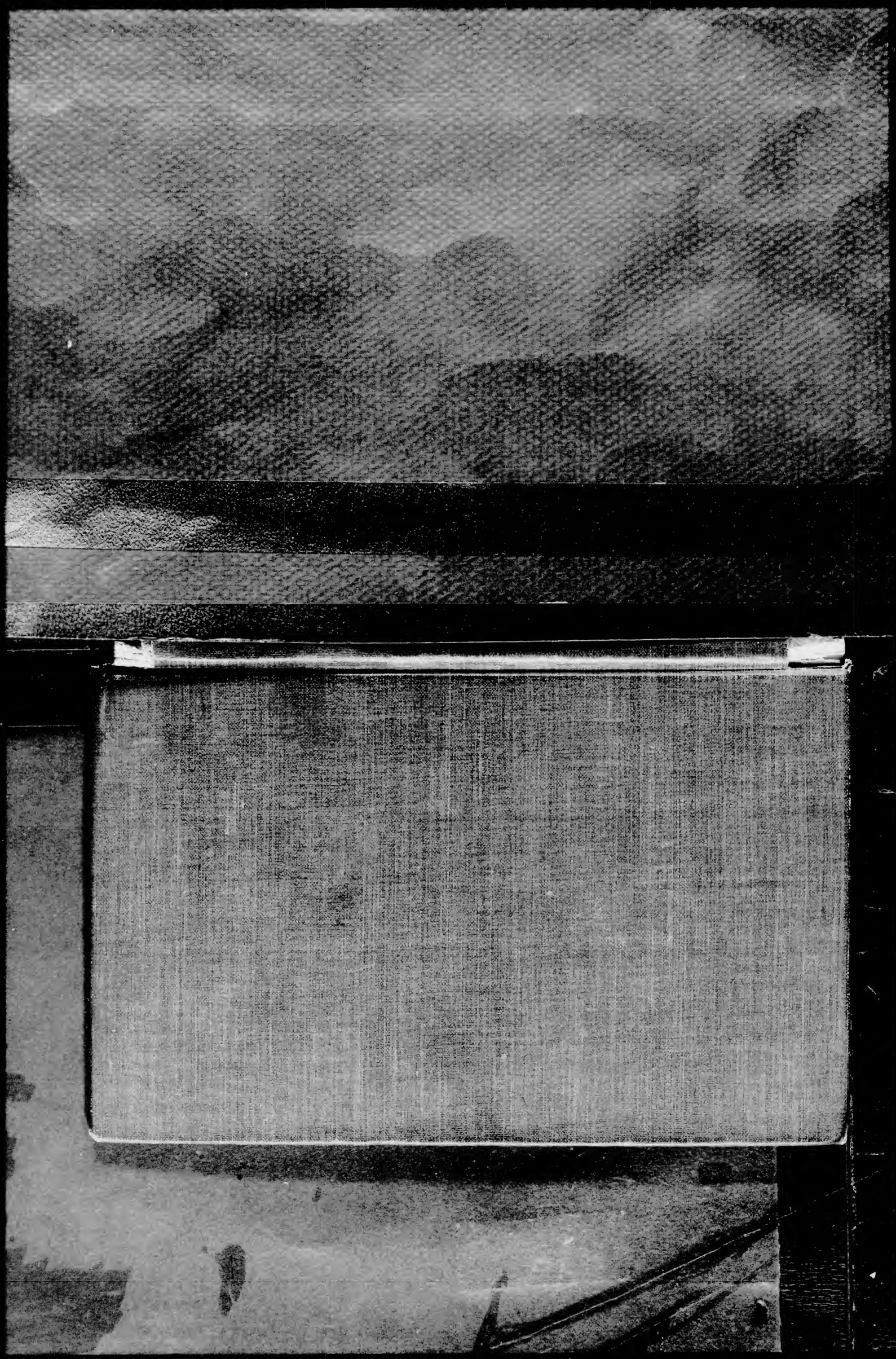
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